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THE

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☞ For particulars, see second page. ☜

HEART-WHOLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Have I heard your reasoning through?
  It has been most bravely spoken!
So, it seems, you think we two
Shall be happier apart?
Be it so;—my duteous heart
  Hears—and yet remains unbroken!

You will leave behind you here
  No crushed soul, with anguish thrilling;
I shall say—"*Once* he was dear;—
If he chooses to be less—
If he slights my tenderness,
  Let him do so;—I am willing!"

I have had no dreams of you
  Clothing you with false perfection;
You have failings not a few—
And a love less strong than mine
Might have sought another shrine—
  Might have tired of its election.

"Slow, and cold, and hard to win!"
  You have had no cause to doubt it,
Silent though it may have been;—
Weak or strong, no matter which,
If it has not made you rich,
  You'll be poor enough without it!

It has never failed, nor slept—
  It has borne your burdens bravely;
True, I have not sworn, nor wept—
Yet have I, despite my mirth,
Loved you more than all on earth—
  Loved you seriously and gravely.

I have borne most patiently
  With your follies—and you knew it—
I have made myself to be
Governed by your lightest whim;—
If you think my love grows dim,
  If you dare to lose me—do it!

I have known so little love
  That I value it, and hoard it—
Prizing it all else above—
And if you fling mine away,
I have only this to say—
  "Let him—if he can afford it!"

I shall neither fade nor pine—
  I have known some sorrows greater;
When you take your hand from mine
I shall say—"The play is through;
We have been good friends and true—
  Better parted now than later!"

BLANCHE LEVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM, &c., &c."

PART I.

On one of those warm, promising days that we now and then get in February, which seem all the more warm and lovely from their contrast to the passing winter, the secluded parsonage of Littleham put on its gayest appearance within—perhaps in unison with the gay face of nature without. A group of girls, four, had collected in the drawing-room; one was taking the brown holland covers from the chairs, sofa, and footstools; another was bringing out certain ornaments, elegant trifles, not displayed save on state occasions; and the other two were filling some glasses with evergreens and hot-house flowers. While thus occupied, a middle-aged lady entered, the mistress of the house, and wife of the Rev. John Ravensworth.

"Oh, Mrs. Ravensworth, why did you come in? We did not want you to see it until it was finished."

Mrs. Ravensworth smiled.

"My dears, it will only look as it has done many a time before; as it did at Christmas—"

"Mamma, you must excuse my interrupting you," cried another of the young ladies, the one who was getting out the ornaments, "but it will look very different; for, at Christmas we had wretched weather, and see it to-day; and at Christmas we had not the visitors we shall have now."

"We had one of the two visitors, at any rate, Cecilia," returned Mrs. Ravensworth.

"Oh, yes, we had Arnold, but he is nobody; we are used to him."

"And Major Carlen is somebody," interposed the only beautiful girl present, looking round from the flowers with a laugh; "thank you in papa's name, Cecilia."

Very beautiful she was. Exceedingly fair, with dark blue eyes and a somewhat haughty cast of features, Blanche Carlen stood conspicuous amidst the rest. They were pleasing-looking and ladylike, but that was all. Differently educated, Blanche Carlen would have turned out a vain, worldly and arrogant girl; but, enshrined as she had been for the last eight years, within the precincts of an humble parsonage, and trained in its doctrines of practical Christianity, Blanche had become thoroughly imbued with the influences around her; now, at nineteen, she was sweetly simple and guileless as a child.

The living of Littleham was a poor one; and Mrs. Ravensworth, when she was educating her only child, had sought and found three young ladies to participate in the foreign governess, and other advantages provided for Cecilia. Blanche Carlen was one: she had been placed there on the death of her mother, and it was so long since she saw her father, four years, that she had almost forgotten what he was like. He was expected now, on a two days' visit, and for him the house was being made to look its best. The other visitor, coming by accident at the same time, was Arnold Ravensworth, the rector's nephew.

The promised visit of Major Carlen was an event in their quiet country life; not the expected arrival of a duke royal would have made more stir at the rectory than he. All the rector and his wife knew of him was, that he was the father of Blanche, and a man who moved in the gay circles of the world. Had they but been behind the scenes—but, in their simplicity, they would not have understood them. Blanche Carlen had four thousand pounds of her own, and the interest of this had paid for her education and clothes; the major would have liked the fingering of it excessively; but, to covet is one thing, and to obtain is another.

The first to arrive was Arnold Ravensworth; a distinguished looking man, with a countenance full of intellect; and the next to arrive was not the major; for the day passed on, and the trains came into the neighboring station, but they did not bring Major Carlen. Blanche cried herself to sleep.

Neither had he come in the morning. After breakfast, Blanche went to the end of the garden, and stood at the gate, looking over the intervening field to the road beyond, as if the looking would bring her father. Arnold Ravensworth strolled up to her.

"You know the old saying, Blanche: 'A watched-for guest never comes.'"

"Oh dear!" cried Blanche, "why do you damp me, Arnold? To watch is something. I shall cross the field and look up the road; we can see, from thence, nearly as far as the station."

Blanche opened the gate, and Mr. Ravensworth held out his arm to her. Very soon some one, a stranger, turned into the field, and came swinging along towards them. Blanche gazed at him eagerly.

"Blanche, is this the major?"

It was a tall, bony man, in an old blue cloak, lined with scarlet. He had a profusion of iron-gray hair, a profusion of iron-gray whiskers; gray, hard, stony eyes, a large twisted nose, and large, false teeth. Blanche burst into a merry laugh.

"That, papa! what an idea you must have of him, Arnold! Papa was a handsome man, with black hair, that beautiful purple black, you know, and two of his front teeth were out. They were knocked out, fighting with the Caffres."

The stranger came on, staring at them; at the good-looking young man, and at the beautiful girl he held on his arm; he looked as if he had a knack of staring at girls, whether they were pretty or plain. Mr. Ravensworth whispered his companion,

"Are you quite sure, Blanche? Black hair grows gray, remember; and he has a portmanteau under that cloak."

Even as he spoke, something in the glance of the stranger's eye struck upon Blanche Carlen's memory. She left Mr. Ravensworth's arm and approached the stranger, too agitated to weigh her words.

"Oh—I beg your pardon—are you not papa?"

Major Carlen stopped, and regarded her closely,

"Are you Blanche?"

"Yes, I am Blanche. Oh, papa!"

A short explanation ensued. The major had not been able to get there on the previous day, and had come down by a night train. He tucked his daughter under his own arm; Mr. Ravensworth took his portmanteau, and went forward to give notice of the arrival.

"Papa, I never saw any one so altered!"

"Nor I," interposed the major. "I was wondering what deuced handsome girl was strolling along, towards me. You are beautiful, Blanche; more so than your mother, and she was handsome."

Blanche, confused though she felt at the compliment, could not return it.

"Papa, when I saw you last, you seemed to have the most glossy, silky hair I ever looked at, quite a purple black."

"Had I?" returned the major, not caring to confess that he had discarded the use of the "Royal Circassian purple-black dye, for dyeing hair instantaneously;" the process growing tedious with his advancing years, or the major's vanity less. "Who is that young fellow, Blanche?"

"Arnold Ravensworth; Mr. Ravensworth's nephew. He came down yesterday on a short visit."

"Where does he live?"

"In London, papa."

"Oh. Does he come frequently?"

"Pretty frequently. We wish it was more so; we like him to be here."

"He seems a presuming puppy."

"Dear papa! He! He is one of the most unassuming men you could know; and very talented and clever. He took a double first at Oxford."

"I see," said the major, displaying his large and regular teeth with a sort of grin.

"Papa, do you know I thought to have remembered that you had lost two of your teeth—the two front upper ones," hesitated Blanche, not quite liking to add, Have you had them replaced?

"Did you, little one? Your memory is treacherous. Is this the parson? I forget him. He looks like one of the set; a regular Simon Sankey."

"Oh, papa!" interrupted Blanche, half frightened, half inclined to cry. "He is the best man that ever lived; every one loves and respects him."

"They are all humbugs, my dear," charitably concluded the major, as he met the extended hand of the Reverend John Ravensworth.

Ere middle day, the major had scattered a gloom through the parsonage, in announcing that he had come to take away his daughter. Blanche felt it bitterly; it was her home, and a happy one. And to exchange it for the major's did not look, at present, an inviting prospect; for, though she would not acknowledge it to her own heart, she regarded him with a deal more awe than love.

"Mrs. Ravensworth, do you plead with him; do persuade him to leave me," she implored, with sobs. "It must be quite a new resolution that he has taken; for in his letter he said he could only stay two days with me here, and must leave me again when they were over."

"My dear, the blow has come quite as grievously upon me," was the reply of Mrs. Ravensworth. "I wish it had been otherwise. But he is your father, Blanche, and you owe him full obedience."

"Papa, my things can never be ready," was Blanche Carlen's last forlorn argument, when the others had failed.

"Things! Trunks, and clothes, and those sort of rattletraps? They can be sent after you."

"I have a bird," cried Blanche, her eyes filling. "That is it in the cage, and—"

"Leave it as a souvenir. Blanche, you are nineteen; don't be a child: you should be thinking of other things now."

And in this way she was hurried off. Not the day the major came, but on the morning of the following one. All the parsonage accompanied her to the station, Blanche nearly choking with the efforts she made to keep down her sorrow.

"You will come and see me when you return to London," she found a moment to say to Arnold Ravensworth, while the major was overwhelming the clergyman and his wife with regrets and compliments, shallow without, and false within.

"Of course I will, Blanche."

"I don't quite understand where it is papa lives: he changes about often: but I will write you a note and tell you when I get there. If there is one drop of comfort in this unhappy movement, it is that I shall be near you. Good-by, Arnold!"

Major Carlen was one of those always in debt and difficulty. His property was mortgaged and remortgaged again, and all he had to exist upon, so far as anybody knew, was his half-pay, save what he made at cards and betting, and such like pursuits. But he continued to retain his club and his visiting connexion, and dined out three parts of his time. Just now he was up in the world, and had fashionable rooms in a fashionable part of town: and to those he introduced Blanche.

"It will be very dull for me, papa," she sighed.

"Not at all," said the major. "You will have plenty of friends to call upon you and take you out, when once it is known that you are here. And, dull or not dull, you are safer under my wing, than moralizing in the parsonage fields and gardens with that Arnold Ravensworth. I have got eyes, Miss Blanche."

So had Blanche, just then: and they were particularly open and fixed on the major. "Doing what, papa?" uttered she.

"I saw his drift—'Blanche' this, and 'Blanche' the other, and his arm at every turn! No, no; I may have been a fool in my days, but I'm not fool enough to leave you there, to be converted into Mrs. Arnold Ravensworth."

Blanche clapsed her hands and burst into a fit of merry laughter. "Oh, papa, what an idea! how could you ever imagine it? Why, he is going to be married to Mary Stopford!"

Major Carlen looked excessively blank. Had he saddled himself with Blanche for nothing but a fear of his own imagination? "Who the deuce is Mary Stopford?"

"She lives in Devonshire. A pale, gentle-looking girl, with nice eyes: I have seen her picture. She and Arnold are deeply attached to each other, and they will be married in autumn, when the House of Commons is up. The notion of my marrying Arnold Ravensworth!" continued Blanche, laughing again.

"Don't you like him?" growled the major. "You looked as if you did."

"I like him very, very much. If I had had a brother, I could not have liked him better than I like Arnold. But I have no other sort of liking for him, or he for me; I leave that, and welcome, to Mary Stopford."

The major coughed down an explosion of temper at his own folly. "What is he, this fellow, Blanche?"

"He is very well off. He has a good fortune, and is——something. It has to do with the House of Commons: not a member, but he will be soon, I believe: I think it is secretary to one of the ministers, but I am not sure. His father was the elder brother, and the Reverend Mr. Ravensworth only the younger; there is a great difference in their position. Arnold is a Boncher; but he does not follow his profession: he prefers politics. They call him a rising man."

Every word Blanche said increased the vexation of the major. It appeared, by what he could judge, that if she had been converted into Mrs. Arnold Ravensworth, it might have been a lucky match, instead of the contrary. To a man with the major's pursuits, the presence and companionship of his daughter could be nothing but an encumbrance, and he wished, as he politely called himself, that he had not been such a fool. "She shall go back in a month's time," thought he: "I cannot, with decency, send her earlier, after the rubbish I enlarged on to the parson and his wife, about wanting her with me. And the expense of bringing her up and sending her back again, shall come out of her money, too; let the trustees row as they please: *I* won't pay it."

But, ere the month was up, Major Carlen's views were again altered, for Blanche had received an offer of marriage. She went out into the world, as the major had promised her, and her beauty had not failed to attract attention. A Captain Cross very speedily made proposals for her to the major, and offered fair settlements. The major accepted him, not thinking it necessary to consult his daughter.

"But I don't care for him, papa," objected Blanche.

The major gave his nose an awful twist. "Not care! what does that signify? He is a fine man, stands six feet one, and you'll care in time."

"But, before I consent to marry him, I ought to know whether I shall like him or not."

"Blanche, you are a dunce! You have been smothered up in that parsonage till you don't know anything. Did you suppose that in our class of society folks fall in love, as the ploughboys and milkmaids do? People marry first, and grow accustomed to each other afterwards."

Blanche Carlen doubted. But she did not withhold her consent, and the preparations for the marriage went on.

Meanwhile Arnold Ravensworth had been an occasional visitor at Major Carlen's, the major making no sort of objection, now that circumstances were explained; indeed, he encouraged him there, and was especially cordial. Major Carlen had invariably one eye on the world and the other on self-interest, and it occurred to him that a rising man, as Arnold Ravensworth beyond doubt was, might prove useful to him in some way or another. One evening, in the beginning of April, Mr. Ravensworth called, and found the major alone. "Is Miss Carlen out?" he asked.

"She is up-stairs with the milliner women," replied the major. "I sent her round to the different places to-day, to spur them on with her things. The time is creeping along."

"Are they getting forward with the settlements? The last time I saw you, you were in a way at the delay, and said lawyers had only been invented for one's torment."

"They got on, after that, and the deeds were ready, and waiting for signature. But I dropped them a note yesterday, to say they might burn them, as so much waste paper," returned the major.

"Burn the marriage settlements!" echoed Mr. Ravensworth.

The major's stony eyes glared knowingly at his astonishment.

"Those settlements are being replaced by heavier ones," he said. "Blanche does not marry Captain Cross. It's off. A more eligible offer has been made her, and Cross is dismissed."

Mr. Ravensworth doubted whether he heard aright.

"What a disappointment to him," he uttered. "What a mortification! Will he accept his dismissal?"

"He'll be obliged to accept it," returned the major, pulling up his shirt-collar, which was always high enough for two—"he has no other choice. A man does not die for love now-a-days; or rush into an action for breach, and become a laughing-stock to his club. Blanche marries Lord Level."

"Lord Level!" Mr. Ravensworth repeated, while the major's mouth was extended from ear to ear, displaying the whole plan of the dentist's ingenuity, as he revelled in the importance of the announcement.

"You look as though you doubted the information."

"I do not relish it, for your daughter's sake," replied Mr. Ravensworth. "She never can like Lord Level."

"What's the matter with Lord Level? He's turned forty, but so much the better; Blanche is not twenty, and wants a guide. And if he is not as rich as some peers, he is a hundred times richer than Cross. He met Blanche out, and he came dangling here after her; I did not give a thought to it, not looking upon Level as a marrying man; he has been somewhat notorious in another line—"

"Yes," emphatically interrupted Mr. Ravensworth. "Well?"

"Well!" irritably returned the major, "then there's so much the more credit due to him for settling down. When he found that Cross was really to have Blanche, then he spoke up, and said he would have her himself."

"Does Blanche approve of the exchange?"

"She was rather inclined to kick at it," returned the major, in his respectable phraseology, "and we had a few tears. But if you ask questions in that sarcastic tone, you don't deserve an answer. Not that Blanche cares for Cross; she acknowledged that; the acquaintance has been too short; but, about behaving dishonorably, as she called it. 'My dear,' said I, 'there's your absurd rusticity coming in again; you don't know the world; such things are done in high life every day.' She believed me and was reconciled. You look black as a thunder-cloud, Ravensworth; what right have you to do so, pray?"

"None in the world; I beg your pardon; I was thinking of Blanche's happiness."

"You had better think of her good," retorted the major. "Here she comes. I am going out; so you may offer your congratulations at leisure."

Blanche took her seat by the fire, and as Mr. Ravensworth gazed down upon her, a feeling of deep regret and pity came over him. Shame! thought he, to sacrifice her to Level.

It has been asserted that some natures, some spirits, possess an affinity the one for the other, that they are irresistibly drawn together in the repose of full and perfect confidence. It is a mysterious affinity; not born of *love*; it is entirely different, and may be experienced by two, men or women, who have outlived even the remembrance of the passion. Had Blanche Carlen been offered to Arnold Ravensworth, he would have declined her, for he loved another, and she had as much idea of loving the man in the moon, as of loving him; nevertheless, that never-dying and unfathomable portion of them, the spirit, was attracted together, like kind finding kind. Between such, there can be little reserve.

"What unexpected changes take place, Blanche!"

"Do not blame me," she replied, with a rising color, and her tone sank to a whisper. "My father says it is right, and I obey him."

"I hope you like Lord Level?"

"Better than I did," was her answer, as she looked into the fire. "The first time I ever saw him he frightened me; I do not know why, but I shrunk back from him as if he had been something that frightened me. I am getting over that feeling now, for papa says he is very good."

Papa says he is very good! The old hypocrite of a major! thought Mr. Ravensworth. But it was not his place to tell her that Lord Level had been very bad.

"Oh, Blanche!" he exclaimed, "I hope you will be happy! Is it to be soon?"

"Yes, they say so. As soon, I think, as the settlements are ready. Papa sent me to-day to hurry my wedding clothes."

"They say so!" was his mental repetition. "This poor child, reared in the innocence of her simple country home, more childish, more tractable and obedient, more inexperienced than are those of less years, who have lived in the world, is as a puppet in their hands. But the awaking will come."

"You are going?" said Blanche, as he rose. "Will you not stay tea?"

"Not this evening. Hark! here is the major back again."

"I do not think it is papa's step," returned Blanche, bending her ear to listen.

It was not. As she spoke, the room door was thrown open by the servant.

"Lord Level."

Lord Level entered, and took the hand which Mr. Ravensworth released. Mr. Ravensworth looked full at the peer as he passed him; he was a handsome man, with a bad expression of countenance—a countenance that Mr. Ravensworth instinctively shrank from.

"Who's that, Blanche?" he heard him say, as the servant closed the door.

The marriage took place the first week in May, and Lord and Lady Level departed for Switzerland.

One evening in autumn, a nondescript sort of vehicle, the German makers of which can alone know the name, arrived at a small village not far from the banks of the Rhine, clattering into the yard of the only inn the place contained. A gentleman and lady descended from it, and a parley ensued with the hostess, more protracted than it might have been, in consequence of the travellers' imperfect German, and her imperfect French. Could madame accommodate them for the night? was the substance of their demand.

"Well—yes," was madame's not over-assured answer; "if they could put up with a small bed."

"How small?"

She opened the door of——it was certainly not a room, and it might be a trifle larger than a boot-closet: madame called it a cabinet. It was on the ground floor, looking into the yard, and contained a bed, into which one might have crept, provided he made a bargain with himself not to turn; but two, never. Three of her beds were taken up with a milor and miladi Anglaise, and their attendants.

The lady—she looked like a young wife—turned to her husband, and spoke in English:

"Arnold, what can we do? We cannot go on in the dark with these roads?"

"My love, I see but one thing for it: you must sleep here, and I must sit up."

Madame interrupted: it appeared she added a small stock of English to her other acquirements.

"Oh, but dat meeserable for monsieur; he steef in legs for morning."

"And stiff in arms, too," laughed Arnold Ravensworth. "Do try and find us a larger bed."

"Perhaps the miladi Anglaise might give up one of her rooms for dis one?" debated the hostess, going away to ask.

She returned, followed by an unmistakable Englishwoman, fine both in dress and speech. Was *she* the miladi? She talked enough for one: vowing she would never give up her room to promiscuous travellers, who prowled about with no *arnet courier*, taking their own chance of rooms and beds; and casting, as she spoke, annihilating glances at the benighted wanderers.

"Is anything amiss, Timms?" inquired a gentle voice behind.

Mr. Ravensworth turned short round, for its tones struck upon his remembrance. There stood Blanche, Lady Level; and their hands simultaneously met in surprise and pleasure.

"Oh, this is unexpected!" she exclaimed. "I never should have thought of seeing you in this remote place. Are you alone?"

He drew his wife to his side.

"I need not say who she is, Lady Level."

"Are you married, then!"

"Ask Mary."

It was a superfluous question, seeing her there with him, and Lady Level felt it to be so, and smiled. Timms came forward with an elaborate apology and a string of curtseys, and hoped her room would be found good enough to be honored with the sleeping in it of any friends of my lady's.

Lady Level's delight to see them seemed as unrestrained as a child's: exiles from their native land can alone tell, that, to meet with home faces in a remote spot, is grateful as is the despaired-of spring of water to the parched traveller in the Eastern desert.

"There is but one private sitting-room in the whole house, and that is mine, so you must perforce make it yours as well," cried she, in glee, as she led the way to it. "And oh, what a charming break it will be to my loneliness! Last night I cried till bedtime."

"Is not Lord Level with you?" inquired Mr. Ravensworth.

"Lord Level is in England. While they are getting Timms's room ready, will you come into mine?" she added, to Mrs. Ravensworth.

"How long have you been married?" was Lady Level's first question, as they entered it.

"Only last Tuesday week."

"Are you happy?"

"Oh, yes."

"I mean, not disappointed. You have not discovered that while your husband appeared good and courteous before marriage, he was really not so: that it was all a mask?"

Young Mrs. Ravensworth was considerably surprised at the question.

"Mr. Ravensworth could not pretend to be what he is not, Lady Level. He is kind and courteous to all."

"Yes, yes, I know it," sighed Lady Level, "and you are to be envied. I knew your husband long before you did," she added; "did he ever tell you so? Did he ever tell you what good friends we were? closer friends than he and his cousin Cecilia."

"Yes, he has often told me."

Mrs. Ravensworth was smoothing her hair at the glass, and Lady Level held the light for her and looked on. The description given of her by Blanche to her father was a very good one; a gentle, pale girl, with nice eyes; they were dark eyes, inexpressibly soft and attractive.

"I shall like you very much," suddenly exclaimed Lady Level; "I think you are very nice-looking—I mean, you have the sort of face I like to look at;" which brought a blush to the cheeks of Mrs. Ravensworth.

The landlady sent them in the best supper she could command at the hour; mutton chops cut German fashion, being the only hot dish, except the soup, which Lady Level's man-servant, who waited on them, persisted in calling the potash—and very watery potash it was, flavored with cabbage. When the meal was over, and the cloth removed, they drew round the fire.

"Do you ever see papa?" Lady Level inquired of Mr. Ravensworth.

"Now and then. Not often. He says you are making a protracted stay abroad, Lady Level."

"Protracted!" she returned in a bitter tone, "yes, it is protracted. I long to be back in England, with a longing that has now almost grown into a disease. You have heard of the *mal du pays* that sometimes attacks the Swiss when they are away from their native land; I think that same malady has touched me. I had never been out of England until I came abroad with Lord Level, and everything was strange to me. From the very first I wanted to be back home, and the further and further we went away, the greater grew my yearning for it. In Savoy I was ill! yes, I was, indeed; it was at Chambery; ill so as to require medical advice. It was only on the mind, the doctor said; he was such a nice old man; and he told Lord Level that I was pining for my native country."

"Then of course you left for home at once?" cried he, looking at her.

"We left soon, but we travelled like snails; stopping days at one place, and days at another. Oh, I was so sick of it! And they were all places retired and dull; as this is; not those much frequented by the English. At last we got here; to stay also, it seemed; and when I asked Lord Level why we did not go on, he said he was waiting for letters from England."

As Lady Level spoke, she appeared to be lost in the past—like you may have observed old people to be when they tell you tales of their youth. Her eyes were fixed on vacancy, and it was plain that she saw nothing of the objects around her, only the time gone by.—

She was anything but happy, if Mr. Ravensworth could trust his own penetration.

"Did Lord Level receive the letters he waited for?"

"He never said so; though the letters delivered to him were many. One morning he said he had had one that summoned him to England without the loss of a moment, and there was not time for me to be ready to accompany him. I prayed to go with him. I ran into my own room, and came out in my mantle and bonnet, and said, There, I was ready: and Timms could come on afterwards with the luggage. It was of no use."

"Would he not take you?" exclaimed Mrs. Ravensworth, her eyes expressing the astonishment that her lips would not.

She shook her head.

"No, he was only angry with me; he said I did not understand my position—that noblemen's wives could not travel in that unceremonious, off-hand manner; it was on my tongue's end to tell him I wished, to my heart, I had never been made a nobleman's wife.—Why did he marry me?" abruptly continued Lady Level—"unless he could regard me as a companion and friend; he treats me as a child."

What answer could be made to this? Mrs. Ravensworth glanced at her husband, her face full of sympathy.

"When do you expect him back?" asked Mr. Ravensworth.

"How do I know?" harshly returned Lady Level, the tone proving how inexpressibly sore was the subject. "He said he should be back for me in a few days, but nearly three weeks have gone by, and I am here still. They have seemed to me like three months. I shall be ill if it goes on."

"Of course you hear from him?"

"A line at a time, saying he is coming for me when he can, and that I must not be impatient. I wanted to go over alone, and he wrote an angry letter in reply, asking what I meant by wishing to travel with servants only. I shall do something desperate if I am left here much longer."

"Like you once did at Littleham, when Mrs. Ravensworth denied your going to a concert, thinking you were too ill?" laughed Mr. Ravensworth.

"Dressed myself and followed them, and surprised them in the room. I had ten pages of Italian translation for that escapade."

Mr. Ravensworth knew something of Lord Level. He suspected his wife was little more, now, than an encumbrance on his hands, and that he would be well pleased to leave her there for good.

It appeared the mail reached the village in the night, and the following morning a letter was delivered to Lady Level. She read it, and placed it in Mr. Ravensworth's hands.

"DEAR BLANCHE,—I have met with an accident, and must again postpone my fetching you for a few days. I dare say it will not detain me very long.

"Yours sincerely, LEVEL."

"Short and sweet!" exclaimed Mr. Ravensworth.

"As sweet as anything can be from Lord Level," was the sarcastic retort. "Arnold! if you and your wife leave to-morrow, think what will become of me, left here!"

"We must leave; I told you business is calling me to England, and—"

Lady Level was standing at the window, but a sudden movement of hers caused him to cease. She started away from it, to avoid being seen, and crept close up to him, as if for shelter.

"Arnold! Arnold! who do you think is there?" she uttered, in a timid whisper.

"Why, who?" he returned, in astonishment. "Not Lord Level!"

"It is Captain Cross," she said, with a shiver. "I would rather meet the whole world than him. My conduct to him was shameful. I did not see it then as I have seen it since."

Mr. Ravensworth looked from the window. Captain Cross it was, seated on the bench in the inn-yard, and solacing himself with a cigar.

"I would not meet him for the world! I would not let him see me—there might be a scene. I shall bolt myself in this room all day. Why does Lord Level leave me to these chances?"

Mr. Ravensworth was vexed on Captain Cross's account, for that he had been exceedingly ill used there was no doubt.

"Arnold, what can I do? He may have come to stop a week; who knows?"

"Take my advice, Lady Level. Do not put yourself purposely into the way of Captain Cross, but do not run from him. I believe him to be a gentleman, and, if so, he will not say or do anything to annoy you. I will take care that he does not, so long as I stay."

In the course of the morning, Captain Cross and Mr. Ravensworth met.

"I find Lady Level's here," he abruptly exclaimed, "are you staying with her?"

"I and my wife only got here last night, and were exceedingly surprised to meet Lady Level."

"Where's *he?*" asked Captain Cross.

"In England."

"He in England and she here, and not six months married? Estranged, I suppose. Well, what else could they expect?—and what could any one expect who tied herself to Level? She has reaped her deservings; a marriage, contracted in cheatery and fraud, finds itself out in the long run."

"She was not to blame," cried Mr. Ravensworth. "She was a child, and they did with her as they pleased."

"A child! Old enough to engage herself to one man and to marry another," he retorted, with a burst of angry feeling.

Lady Level would not stir out of her room that day. On the following morning, when Mr. Ravensworth emerged from his, he saw Lord Level's travelling-carriage in the yard, packed. Timms moved towards him in a flutter of delight.

"Oh, if you please, sir, will you go to my lady? She's waiting for you ready dressed, and the breakfast is on the table. We are going to England with you, sir."

"Is Lord Level come?"

"No, sir, not he. My lady gave orders last night, sir, that we should pack up for home. It's the happiest day I've known, sir, since I set foot in these barbarious countries."

Lady Level met him at the door of her sitting-room, ready dressed, as Timms had expressed it, in her travelling clothes.

"Do you really mean to go?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I do," was her decisive reply. "Stop here I will not; I tell you, Arnold, I am sick to death of it. Lord Level may be weeks before he comes, and the opportunity of travelling under your protection is one I will not miss. He can't grumble at that. Neither is it expedient that I should remain in an inn where Captain Cross has taken up his abode. After you and Mrs. Ravensworth left me last night, I sat by the fire, thinking these things over, and I made my mind up. Arnold, if I have not sufficient money, I shall apply to you."

Whether Mr. Ravensworth approved or disapproved of the decision, he had no power to alter it, and as soon as breakfast was over, they went down to the carriage, which had already its array of five horses harnessed in it. Captain Cross leaned against the wall, watching the departure. He approached Mr. Ravensworth.

"Am I driving her ladyship off?"

"Level has met with an accident, and Lady Level is going to him."

"A merry meeting to them!" was the sarcastic rejoinder.

And as the carriage drove out at the inn-yard, Captain Cross deliberately lifted his hat, but lifted it, Lady Level thought, in mockery.

Without delay, they arrived at Dover, making the port early in the morning. Lady Level and her attendants proceeded at once to London, but Mrs. Ravensworth, who had been exceedingly ill on the passage, required some repose, and she and her husband waited for a later train.

Their residence was in Langham-place, and it was evening when they reached it. To Mr. Ravensworth's surprise, who should be swinging from the door, as they drove up, in his purple and scarlet cloak, but Major Carlen, his gray hair entangled, and his eyes exceeding fierce.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" cried he, scarcely giving Mr. Ravensworth time to hand out his wife, and following him into the hall. "*You* have a nice thing!"

"What is amiss?" demanded Mr. Ravensworth, as he led the way to a reception-room.

"Amiss!" returned the excited major. "I'd advise you not to fall into Level's way just now. How the mischief came you to bring over Blanche?"

"I protected Lady Level to England at her request; I took no part in influencing her decision. Lady Level is her own mistress."

"Is she, though! She'll find she's not, if she sets up to act in opposition to her husband. Before she was married, she had not a wish of her own, let alone a will—and there's where Level was caught," added the major, in a parenthesis, nodding his head, knowingly. "He thought he had picked up a docile child, who would never say her soul was hers, or be in his way. He couldn't withstand her beauty—but he *would* have withstood it, had he dreamt she would be setting up a will, and an obstinate one, as she's doing now."

Major Carlen was striding from one end of the room to the other, his cloak catching in the furniture as he swayed along. Mr. Ravensworth thought he had been drinking; but he was a man who could take an unlimited quantity, and show it but little.

"The case is this," said he, unfastening the troublesome cloak, and flinging it on a chair. "Level has been in England these three weeks, amusing himself. He didn't want his wife; well and good; men like a little society, and as long as they keep their wives in the dark, there's no reason why they shouldn't have it—"

"Major Carlen!" burst forth Mr. Ravensworth, "Lord Level's wife is your daughter, Have you forgotten it?"

"What if she is? Does that render her different from others? Are you going to stick yourself up on a lofty pole and cry Morality? You are a young married man, Army Ravensworth, and must be on your good manners just now; it's etiquette; but wait awhile."

Mr. Ravensworth was not easily excited, but the red flush of anger darkened his cheek. He could have thrust the old rascal from the house; and might have done it, but that he was Blanche's father.

"Level orders his wife to remain in France. My lady chooses to disobey, and comes to England: under your wing: and I wish Old Harry had driven you to any place, but the one she was stopping at. She gets to town to-day, and goes to Lord Level's rooms, whence he had dated his letters to her—and a confounded idiot he was for doing it: why couldn't he have dated it from his club? My lady finds something there she does not like: well, what could she expect? they were his rooms, taken for himself, not for her; and if she had not been a greater simpleton than ever broke loose from keeping, she would have come away, there and then. Not she; she must persist in asking questions, and so she got the truth, or something near it, for an answer. Then she thought it time to fly out of the house, over to me, and she waited till I came in, which was just now, sending her servants to an hotel."

"And was Lord Level there?"

"Lord Level, no! Level went down to his place in Surrey a week since, and managed to jam his knee against the post of a gate—his horse swerved as he was riding through. He is laid up there, and can't leave his room.—Over came Blanche to me, I say, with this indignant tale of what she had seen and heard. 'Serve you right, my dear,' I said to her; 'a wife has no right to look at her husband with a telescope. If a man chose to fill his house with wild tigers and set himself to tame them, it's not her province to complain, provided he keeps her away from her claws?' 'But what am I to do?' cried Blanche. 'You must go back to France, or Germany, or wherever you came from.' 'That I never will; I shall go into Surrey to Lord Level,' replied Blanche, looking as I had never seen her look before. 'You can't go there,' I said, 'and must not attempt it.' 'I tell you, papa, I will,' she cried, her eyes flashing. I never knew she had so much passion in her, Ravensworth: Level must have changed her nature. 'I will have an explanation from Lord Level,' she continued: 'rather than live on as I am living now, I will demand a separation.' Now, did you put that in her head?" broke off the Major, looking at Mr. Ravensworth.

"I do not think you know what you are saying, Major Carlen. Should I be likely to advise Lady Level to separate from her husband?"

"Somebody has: such an idea would never enter Blanche's head, of its own accord. 'You must lend me the money to go down,' she went on, 'for I am quite without, through paying the bill abroad: Mr. Ravensworth had to supply me for my travelling expenses.' 'Then more fool Ravensworth was, for doing it,' said I: and more fool you were," repeated the major.

"Anything more, major?"

"The idea of my lending her money to take her down to the Maze! And she'd be cunning to get money from me, just now, for I am out at all pockets. The last supplies, I had, came from Level: by Jove! I would not cross him for the universe."

The selfish old sinner! there was the secret of his defence of Lord Level. "Where is Lady Level now?" Mr. Ravensworth asked, aloud.

"She'll be here in a minute: let me finish. 'Does your husband beat you or ill-treat you?' I asked. 'No,' said she, shaking her head in a proud fury, 'even I would not submit to that. Will you lend me some money, papa?' 'No, I won't,' I said. 'Then I'll get it from Mr. Ravensworth,' and out she went, as she said it, after asking me to lend her money for a cab, which I wouldn't. So then I thought it was time to come too, and stop her game. Mind you supply her with none, Ravensworth."

"What pretext can I have for refusing?"

"Pretext be shot!" irritably returned the major; "tell her you won't, as I do. I forbid you to lend her any."

"She takes her standing now as Lord Level's wife: not as your daughter."

"There she is! what a passionate knock! She must have blundered up five hundred wrong turnings, for she doesn't know her way."

Lady Level came in, looking tired, heated, frightened. Mr. Ravensworth took her hand.

"You have been walking down here!" he said. "It is not right that Lady Level should be abroad in London streets at night, and alone."

"How was I to ride without money?" she returned, hysterically. "I had a few shillings left, when I reached town, but I gave them to the servants."

"Do sit down and calm yourself. All this is truly distressing."

Calm herself! The emotion, pent up so long, broke forth into sobs.

"Yes, it is distressing. I come to England and I find no home; I am driven about from pillar to post, insulted everywhere; have to walk through the streets, like a helpless outcast—Arnold, is it right? is it right?"

"You have brought it all upon yourself, my lady," cried Major Carlen, coming forward from the rear, where he had lingered.

She had not seen him, and she turned round with a start.

"So you are here, are you, papa? Then I hope you have entered into sufficient explanation to spare it to me."

"I have told Ravensworth of your fine exploit, the going to Lord Level's rooms: and he agrees with me that nobody, but an inexperienced child, would have done it."

"The truth, if you please, Major Carlen," struck in Mr. Ravensworth.

"And that what you met with served you right for going," continued the unabashed major.

Lady Level threw back her head, and the haughty crimson dyed her cheeks.

"I went there, expecting to find my husband: was that an inexperienced or a childish act'on?"

"Yes it was," roared the major, completely losing his temper, and grinning at her with his fierce teeth. "When men are away from their wives, they fall into bachelor habits. If they please to turn their sanctums into smoking dens, or boxing dens, or what not, are you to come hunting them up, as I say, with a telescope that magnifies at both ends? Be wise for the future, Lady Level."

"You are speaking of bad men," she indignantly retorted, "not of good ones. Look at Arnold, standing there with his severe face: ask him."

The major gave his nose a twist.

"Good men, and bad men? where's the difference? The good have got their wives under their thumb, and the bad haven't; that's all."

"Shame upon you, papa!"

"Tie Lord Level to your apron-string, and keep him there as long as he'll be kept," fired the major, "but don't go and ferret him up when he's out for a holiday."

"Did I want to ferret up Lord Level?" she retorted. "I went there because I expected it was his home and would be mine: why did he date his letters thence?"

"There it all lies," cried the major, changing his tone to one of wrath against the peer. "Better he had dated from the top of the Monument: it is surprising what mistakes wise men make sometimes. But how was he to think you would come sneaking over from abroad, against his will?"

Lady Level did not deign to reply: the respect due to a father was rapidly leaving her. She turned to Mr. Ravensworth, and requested the loan of sufficient funds to take her into Surrey.

"I tell you, Blanche, that you must not go there," interrupted the major. "Lord Level does not receive strangers at the Maze."

"Strangers!" emphatically repeated Lady Level.

"Or wives either. Before he married you, he told me he should never take you there. You stop at the hotel with your servants, if you will not go back to the Continent, and let him know that you have arrived in London."

"I go down to the Maze to-morrow," she replied, in a tone of determination. "I will see Lord Level without delay, and if he cannot explain away the aspect that things have taken, he must give me a separation."

"Of all the imbeciles that ever gave utterance to folly, you are the worst," was the complimentary retort of the major. "Madam, do you know that you are a peeress of the realm?"

"I do not forget it."

"And you would run in your own light! You have carriages and finery; you are to be presented next season; you will then have a house in town; what does the earth contain, more, that you can want?"

"Happiness," said Lady Level.

"Happiness!" repeated the major, in genuine astonishment. "A pity but you had married a country curate and found it, then. Arnold Ravensworth"—for Lady Level had turned to him and was urging her request—"you shall not speed her on this journey."

Mr. Ravensworth approached him, and spoke in a low tone.

"Do you know of any existing impediment that may render it inexpedient for her to go there?"

"I know nothing about it," replied the major, too angry to lower his voice, "except that Lord Level told me he should never take Blanche to the Maze, and *I* am not going to cross him by sending her there. It's nothing but a small place; a farm; and used to be the hunting-box in his father's time."

"Listen to a word of common sense," impatiently interrupted Lady Level. "I can go to a dozen places to-morrow and get what money I want; I can go to Lord Level's agents, and say, I am Lady Level, and they would give me in a moment any amount I ask for; therefore to think of stopping me on the score of want of funds, is simply absurd. But I prefer to have it from Ravensworth, for it is *not* a pleasant thing for a peeress of the realm to go about, borrowing a five-pound note. Arnold, you will lend it me."

"I will not refuse," was his answer; "and I cannot dictate to you; but I wish you would let me advise."

"I would rather take your advice than that of any man living," she impulsively exclaimed. "But if you advise me against going into Surrey, I should not listen to it. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, it is. I think it would be better for you to remain at the hotel, and let Lord Level know you are here; or, at any rate, send word to the Maze that you are coming, before you get there. I speak for your happiness."

"I know you do. Thank you, Arnold, all the same, but I shall go down."

To attempt further objection would be futile; as well try to stop a torrent in its course; and Major Carlen saw it. His anger was unspeakable.

"I wash my hands of it altogether," he foamed, "and I'll be—"

Mr. Ravensworth rose and stood before him.

"Not in Lady Level's presence, sir."

His bad words died away into a growl, and, gathering up his cloak and throwing it over him, he went forth, muttering, into the night.

"Oh, Lady Level!" exclaimed Mr. Ravensworth, "I am so grieved at all this!"

She looked up to him, and spoke in a sharp tone.

"Why do you call me 'Lady Level?' It used to be 'Blanche.'"

He returned her look, and smiled.

"Before you were Lord Level's wife. You belonged to yourself before; now you are his."

She appeared as if she would have questioned further, but did not, and there were lines on her brow that told of displeasure.

The door slowly opened, and Mrs. Ravensworth put in her head.

"May I come in?"

Her husband caught her hand and drew her forward.

"It was a shame to shut you out, Mary, but I could not help it."

"What has been the matter?" she inquired, looking from one to the other. "I heard voices in dispute."

Lady Level colored; Mr. Ravensworth undertook the answer: That Lady Level had not found her husband in town, as she expected, and that Major Carlen had an objection to her following him, and lost his temper over it.

"I ask you, Mrs. Ravensworth," interposed Lady Level, "if your husband were lying ill, within a few miles of you, and people told you you must not go to him, what should you do?"

"Run away from the people, and get to him as fast as I could," replied Mrs. Ravensworth: and Lady Level laughed, a slighting, bitter laugh.

"How differently are we situated!" she exclaimed. "You are sheltered under the care and love of your husband; I am warned that I must not presume to approach mine. Why did he marry me?"

"But the circumstances are different," said Mr. Ravensworth, soothingly; and she interrupted him before he could go on, her tone one of sharp sarcasm.

"I know they are; you need not remind me of it. It is kind of you to try and gloss over my position to me, but I see it in all its naked truth."

So Lady Level went down the following morning, in pursuance of her own will—and who shall say she was wrong?—to the small estate of her husband's called the Maze. For some days nothing was heard of her—and then—and then—But there is not space for it here.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ On the recent Irish trials, counsel was desirous to obtain an admission from a witness for the Crown, that having himself been one of the sworn members of the league, he had been bribed to become a spy upon the others. Having vainly labored for nearly an hour to get a reply, he said, "Come now, sir, did you not come direct from these men to Dublin on Monday last?" "Bedad, I did so," promptly answered the witness. "Well, sir, that is direct, at all events. Now, will you tell me, in as brief a way as possible, what motive brought you here?" "The *locomotive*, to be sure," replied Pat, to the discomfiture of his tormentor.—*English Paper.*

☞ THE BEGINNING AND THE END.—The first thing a man takes to in life is Milk—the last is, his Bier.

☞ Pedantry prides herself on being wrong by rules, while common sense is content to be right without them.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMB'R 24, 1859

TERMS, &c.

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In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

"UNITARY HOUSEHOLDS."

It a well-known fact that the profits of a large and fashionable hotel—when such hotel is well sustained—amount to no small sum in the course of a year. Men have cleared, we have understood, their twenty to fifty thousand dollars per annum in the hotel business. On the other hand, the weekly expenses are so enormous, that if one of these large hotels begins to decline in popularity, the losses become something frightful to contemplate as the months roll around. "He is a good man, but he cannot keep an hotel," is, as our readers know, an expressive Western saying—proving how much ability, in that portion of the Union, is considered requisite to enable a man to succeed as a landlord.

But the view of the profitableness of hotel-keeping, when the house can be kept constantly full, doubtless has frequently suggested the thought to individuals of a New England turn of mind—"Why not we boarders be, at the same time, both boarders and hotel keepers?" And this question, in one instance at least, seems to have received a practical answer. We allude to an *institution* in New York—everything on this side of the Atlantic is an *institution*—called "Underhill's Unitary Household." The system and workings of this "Household" we find graphically described in the *N. Y. Saturday Press*, as follows:—

Have you ever been to Underhill's Unitary Household? I have dined there several times, and through a friend staying there, who says he never was better off in his life, have been made acquainted with its workings. It includes a row of brown stone fronted buildings on Fourteenth street, opposite the Academy of Music, and though the rent of each narrow house is at the extravagant rate of $1,750 a-year, yet by the system of "living at cost" which is here practised, the expense of each individual is less than half what it would be in the neighboring hotels, and about three dollars a week less than it would be in the upper class of boarding-houses.

Now for the term "Unitary." It was translated from the French some seventeen years ago, by the *Tribune*, and used in connection with the improved modes of living which that journal then advocated. It means a unity of material interests, and operates thus; each individual pays rent for his room exactly in proportion to the rent of the whole building, without any profit being made by the head of the house. If any rooms become vacant, however, the rent is divided among all the inmates, who find thereby an increase in their week's expenses. It is therefore the interest of all to procure new inmates among their acquaintances.

The head of the establishment pays himself a salary, and this, together with salaries of clerks, wages of servants, fuel, rent of parlors, kitchens, laundry, and other items, is summed up each week and divided also among the residents. Each room, in addition to its rent, has, if unoccupied, to bear a portion of this charge, which, too, is shared by the inmates. All this is called the General Expense.

The food is charged for exactly at cost of the raw article only, as cooking, waiting, etc., has already been included in the General Expense. People eat at small tables, in the restaurant style; a bill of fare is furnished, and also slips of paper on which the inmates write their names, the date, and articles wished for. The servant takes this, files it, and the clerk after each meal charges it in the books.

Meats thus cost 4 and 5 cents per plate; vegetables, puddings, preserves, pies, fruit, etc., 2 and 3 cents. Coffee, tea, or cocoa, 2 cents. Bread of any kind, 1 cent. Butter or cheese, 1 cent. A great variety is offered, and all at these low rates. No strong liquors are sold in the house, but light wines and champagne are in plenty at the wholesale cost prices. You can thus call for your bottle of red table wine, and pay 25 cents, or your bottle of champagne, and pay 75 cents, instead of $2, which you pay everywhere else.

The system has been in practice seventeen months, and though defective at first, now works admirably. When neighboring establishments, in the heat of summer, had half of their rooms empty, here there were but half a dozen vacancies. At all other times the establishment has been full to overflowing—the proprietor has no pecuniary care, but robs his salary and relieves his surplus spirits by comic songs on the piano. A very jolly fellow is he, who has seen many ups and downs of life—studied much and thought much. His experiment of living at cost has well succeeded. He is now one of those nice individuals who can "keep a hotel." Much praise to him. Of all material reforms, this appears to me the most vital. It has, so far, succeeded only in reducing the expenses of the mercantile and legal classes. Persons who formerly boarded for eight and ten dollars per week, now live here for five. The buildings are at an immense rent and accommodate but a hundred persons. The greater the number of inmates the greater the economy. It is calculated that in an establishment as large as the St. Nicholas, the expense to each, including washing, would not exceed $2,50 per week. It would thus remove mechanics and sewing-girls from greasy boarding places and dirty garrets, into regions of silver forks, French cooking, rich carpets and furniture, mirrors, pianos, and high class periodicals; thereby increasing their self-respect, widening their esthetic taste, and enabling them to economize far more than at present. The world moves! This time is not far off. Other persons talk of imitating Underhill on a larger scale, and capitalists stand ready to guarantee the rent and purchase furniture.

My friend is much pleased with his residence at Underhill's. There are people there of fine mental acquirements, and persons of good musical ability. Song, dance, and profitable conversation enliven the evening for those who attend the parlors.

The house, owing to the number of its inmates, has also the advantage of a hotel, in that although society can constantly be had, perfect privacy can be maintained. Families can eat at separate tables, remain in their own apartments, and have no communication with any one.

The above is enough to stimulate hundreds to the attempt to establish an Unitary Household for their own dwelling place. But we apprehend it will be found, that the success of such establishments depends in a very great degree upon the person who is chosen to take the post occupied by Mr. Underhill. Such an one, in order to ensure success, must not only be scrupulously honest, but must have a practical talent for the management of a large household, for the providing for the table, and, particularly, for "making people feel generally comfortable." Now, in the first place, it is not very easy to find a man possessing all these qualifications; and, when found, he may have such a just opinion of his own merits, as to demand a salary that would add entirely too much to the other weekly expenses. To those who think that men such as we suppose Mr. Underhill to be, are to be met with at every turn, we have only to say, try and find *one* among your acquaintances. You reply, why there is Mr. A. Yes, but Mr. A. will not leave his profitable mercantile pursuits, to manage an "Unitary Household," at a small, or even a large salary. And so with Mr. B., the Lawyer, and Mr. C., the publisher. There is indeed a large class of gentlemen—hitherto not very successful in what they have undertaken—one or more of whom could be procured, but, although good men, could they keep an hotel? Many of these also may be too busily employed in "serving their country"—that last refuge of all who are not fit for anything else.

But find once your honest and capable Manager, and your Unitary Household, we think, will be a success. We have very little doubt of it. All the rest can be arranged. Plenty of people will agree to board at five dollars, if they can be given as good accommodations as they now have at the hotels and boarding-houses for eight and ten. Nobody wishes to pay two dollars for seventy-five cents' worth of wine—and every one knows that the charges for wines at the leading hotels, are even ridiculous in their exorbitancy. This may be, we admit, owing to a praiseworthy design on the part of the proprietors to encourage total abstinence principles. But, however it may be, enough gentlemen can always be found who are willing to give lower prices for the same bad article.

We would not by these remarks discourage attempts in this city or elsewhere to form such Unitary Households—we would only endeavor to guard against badly planned and carelessly executed projects, which must almost inevitably result in failure. As your Manager, so will your house be. Although very difficult to find, the right kind of men doubtless may be procured. Some are born hotel-keepers, and would rather be that than anything else—it seems miraculous that it should be so, but kind Providence knows that hotels and boarding houses are unfortunately a sad necessity of this imperfect sphere. With the right men in the right place, much, we think, may be done in the way suggested, for mankind in general, and especially for the poor, forlorn, unmated halves of humanity. That we shall live to see mechanics and sewing-girls enjoying all the superfluities of the St. Nicholas hotel, for $2,50 a week, is what we by no means expect—but if we can be made to see it, all the better. To remove those who now frequent "greasy boarding places and dirty garrets into regions of silver forks, French cooking, rich carpets and furniture, mirrors, pianos and high class periodicals (including of course THE SATURDAY EVENING POST), and thereby increase their self-respect (rather too much perhaps), widen their esthetic taste, and enable them to economize," is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and one highly suggestive of the Millennium. Still, as we said, we have no expectation of beholding these things. We should be fully satisfied, however, with a much lower rate of performance. The classes in question could dispense with the "rich carpets and the mirrors," even if necessary with the "silver forks," if they could have and enjoy the pianos and high class periodicals, in addition to large, clean and well ventilated rooms, and a plentiful, though plain, substantial diet. And that much could be done by the combination of means, were people only good enough, we have little doubt. But dishonesty and incapability—which latter often has its root in a moral falseness of some kind—wrecks the most of these attempts to take a large advantage of the associative principle. But, as men advance in virtue—if they do so advance—many things will become possible. In fact, sin is the great stumbling block of even the physical Millennium. Men have to work all the day now for a living, because their brains and hearts, when long idle, become "the Devil's workshops." Therefore a beneficent Providence, for their own good, sets them heavy tasks. As

the race learns to use leisure rightly, leisure will be given it. In truth the materials of great leisure are even now lying unorganized around us. The law of their creation is, that only in proportion as men are good, can they be employed. Providence says perpetually, "Do you want the Millennium? pay the price and take it." Subdue the evil excess of your propensities and desires; crush your selfishness and your vanity and pride; let every man be brother to every other man; and Christ the Saviour is on his throne, and the Millennium at the door.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—We are pleased to see that an effort is being made to complete the Monument to Washington at Washington. The undertaking appears to be now in proper hands, and the people may send in their contributions freely. The very questionable design of the pantheon at the base, has been abandoned, and the simple marble shaft of 600 feet high, which will be the highest in the world, is probably all that will ever be erected. The present neglected condition of the monument, all admit, is a disgrace to the country. Now that the question is simplified by confining the erection to a plain but majestic and marvellous shaft, all can unite heartily in the completion. About sixty thousand dollars a year is all that is needed to carry on the work properly. This is an average of two dollars yearly for each of the 30,000 post offices in the country. Lieut. Ives, who has been detailed by the Secretary of War to attend to the erection of the monument, has sent out circulars to many of the post offices, asking that contribution boxes may be put up, and the money contributed sent to him at Washington at the close of every month. To those postmasters who have not received his circulars, we say, Put up the boxes, paying for them, if you choose, out of the first receipts. Even twenty-five cents regularly every month for a few years from every post office, would do the work. Let it be done.

The letters enclosing the remittances will be kept on file among the records of the Monument Society, and it is intended, at stated intervals, to publish complete lists of the amounts received and the places where they were contributed.

THE CRICKET MATCHES.—Two of the cricket players chosen from this city to take their places in the American 22 designed to play with the famous 11 of England, are boys of 15 and 18, and both rather under the average size and weight of their ages. Barclay (aged 18) is, we have been informed, the best batter in the city. The large expenses of our cricket clubs in bringing over the famous English 11—the best players in Europe—are to be defrayed, if possible, by the proceeds of the admission fees to see the various games played. There will be three days devoted to play in this city, and we have no doubt that the public will willingly pay such prices of admission as will fully recompense the Philadelphia clubs for their share of the expenses. A ground in the northern part of the city is now being prepared and fenced in. Success to the Cricketers, and to the promoters of all manly sports among us. No people need them more than the Americans, who are in danger of running all to nerve and brain.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—We call attention to the advertisement of this excellent Institution on our seventh page.

Apropos to this subject, we have been favored with a communication by a lady relative to the recent action of the State Medical Society, respecting the Professors and Graduates of Female Medical Colleges. Having, however, expressed our opinion at the time upon this action, we think it needless to multiply words upon the matter. We trust that the State Society, at its next meeting, will withdraw the objectionable recommendation, and leave its members to act as they individually think proper in the premises.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE PERSIA—FOUR DAYS LATER—SPAIN ABOUT TO DECLARE WAR ON MOROCCO—THE BUILDERS' STRIKE—TWO STEAMERS AND FORTY-SIX VESSELS WRECKED—COTTON ADVANCED—BREADSTUFFS QUIET, &c.

The Persia arrived at New York on the 19th. She broke her crank pin when two days out, and was forced to lay to till it was repaired.

The Pope's troops seem to be menacing the Romagna, though the Paris *Moniteur* (the official paper) discredits the report.

The Great Eastern will not sail till the 29th.

The steamship Borussia, from Hamburg and Southampton, arrived at New York on the 18th, with dates to Sunday, the 4th inst.

The advices from the Zurich Conference are to the 1st inst., when, at a meeting of the plenipotentiaries, the limits of the Lombardian frontiers, and the separation of the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, were under consideration.

It is reported that Austria intends to discount the portion of the Austrian debt which will be transferred to Lombardy, and to sell the public domains.

The Emperor of France has intimated to the Porte that he will support the project of the Suez canal for commercial purposes.

Advices from Gibraltar state that the Emperor of Morocco was dead. Also, that a serious conflict had occurred on the island of Ceuta, between the Spaniards and Moors. The troops had been called out. Several thousand Moors had collected, and at the last accounts these parties were in conflict all night on the 26th ult., and several were killed on both sides.

The English mail steamer Indus was fired on twice from the Spanish fort at Tarifa, on the morning of the 27th of August, while her ensign was flying. At the second fire, a large round shot fell about fifty yards from the steamer.

A terrible cyclone passed over Calcutta on the 20th of July. Forty-six vessels, including two steamers, were lost in the river Hoogly, and immense damage was occasioned on shore. Many lives were also lost, but no further particulars have been received.

The Australian mail steamer Northam was lost, Aug. 20, in the Red Sea. The mails and passengers were saved.

The intelligence from England is not important.

The strike in the building trade was approaching an adjustment.

Uneasiness was felt at Paris, on account of the Zurich Conference, and the Rentes had declined.

PARIS, Sept. 2.—We shall, in all probability, have to look but little longer in the direction of Zurich as the central point of European interest. It seems tolerably certain that the Conference is on the point of breaking up, leaving everything of importance undone. The distribution of the debt, quite a secondary question, is announced by the Vienna Presse, to be settled in principle, while its details will be carried out by a commission. Lombardy, it is said, will be charged with an income of five millions lire upon the Monte Milano, and will take two hundred millions of the Austrian debt.

The Tuscan deputation charged with offering the King of Piedmont the annexation of the country, is said to have quitted Florence yesterday. It consists of the Counts Ugolino della Gherardesca and Scipione Borghese, Professor Giorgino, Doctor Rinaldo Roschi, and M. Pietro Augusto Adami, Director of the National Bank of Leghorn.

The *Nazione* publishes the following piece of intelligence, dated Ancona, Aug. 25:

"Austrians in disguise continue to arrive here. We learn that at Venice steamships with troops on board are ready to weigh anchor. Their destination is unknown. General Kalbermatten is stated to have declared that he had not sufficient troops to attempt an expedition against the Romagna with any chance of success."

A letter in a Genoese journal gives the cheering announcement that the Neapolitan Government is preparing a Constitution based upon an elective system and a National Assembly. Triennial Parliaments, to sit every year, but only for fifteen days; responsible ministers, and the power of dissolution of the Parliament by the King, with the consent of his ministers, are among the features particularized.

I believe it has been ascertained beyond all doubt that the higher clergy in Tuscany are disposed to carry out the *non possumus* principle. Rome will, to the very last, act by the all-pervading fibres of her organization against the substitution of light for darkness, persuasion for terror, and truth for falsehood. The provisional governments are doubtless well informed as to all that passes, and will be prepared equally against secret foes and open enemies.

The copy of a petition now in course of signature in Algeria, appears in the Patrie; its object is to obtain the reappointment of Prince Napoleon to the ministry of that colony. Its tone is highly flattering to the Prince. Such a document would hardly have been put forward unless with the sanction of Government.

This is not the first time his return to public affairs has been hinted at. If he ever really believed he had a chance of the Grand Ducal Crown of Tuscany, that bright dream has now melted away—so it is quite possible this petition may herald an awakening from his Imperial Highness' politico administrative sleep.—Business experienced a revival at the Bourse to-day. It transpires that the realization of premium by large holders (which produced the recent falls), were not the result, as had been supposed, of the receipt of bad intelligence.—Many persons believe we have seen the lowest prices, and that public confidence will gradually revive, in spite of the as yet unsettled state of the Italian question.

Some speculators are going for a rise, in the belief that the separation of the conferences is a step preliminary to the meeting of a Congress. Rentes left off at 68f. 80c. cash, and 68f. 85c. account, a rise of 35c. and 30c.; Credit Mobilier, 820f. and 817f. 50c., a rise of 6f. 25c. and 7f. 50c.

SPAIN.—Accounts from Madrid state that Spain had withdrawn her Consul from Tangiers, and decided to demand satisfaction of Morocco for the outrages at Ceuta. Orders had been given for the formation of an expeditionary corps of 10,000 men.

It is suggested in the London papers that the firing on the steamer Indus was for the purpose of bringing her to in order to learn the state of affairs at Ceuta.

Later advices from Madrid state that General Prim will command the expedition fitting out against the Moors.

GERMANY.—A Vienna letter of the 27th ult. says:

"The deliberations of the new cabinet continue day after day, because the wish is to bring to a speedy conclusion not only what concerns the reconstitution of the ministerial departments, but also to fix the basis of the new policy. The mere suppression of the Ministry of Commerce, and the assigning of its different branches to other departments, occupies much time."

A communication from Frankfort says:

Germany cannot have forgotten the efforts made last spring to drag the States of the Germanic Confederation into a war with France, but it is a singular fact that the States most eager for war were those which were least prepared for it. Their treasuries were too nearly exhausted to supply the means for extraordinary armaments, so the legislative chambers were called on to authorize loans, which could only be obtained on most disadvantageous terms.

The Bavarian Government had great difficulty in finding subscribers to fill up a loan of four millions of florins to meet the first requirements of the army. The Chambers were again convoked in an extraordinary session to vote another loan of twenty-five millions, but, in spite of all that Ministers could say and do, they refused to vote more than twenty millions, to be raised by loan, either at home or abroad. It is that loan which has now been brought forward here by MM. de Rothschild, Erlanger, and others.

RUSSIA.—Advices from Russia, state that the expedition into Daghestan had been completely successful.

A company had been formed in St. Petersburg for the construction of a commercial port there on a large scale.

The Government had ordered the three great corps d'armee under Prince Gortschakoff to be placed on a peace footing.

PIEDMONT.—TURIN, Friday.—The deputation from Tuscany is expected to arrive here at noon to-morrow, and preparations are being made to give the members of the same a splendid reception.

The King will receive the deputation at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The *Nord* of to-day says:—The great question of the day is whether King Victor Emmanuel will accept the annexation of the States of Central Italy which has been voted by their assemblies. The general opinion seems to be that the King will accept the offer, under some reserves and conditions as to the ultimate opinion of Europe.

By accepting the provisional sovereignty of the States thus spontaneously offered to him, the King will at once save them from civil war and from anarchy, and will perform a signal service in the cause of order, at the same time that he preserves the rights of Europe, by reserving for a European Congress the final settlement of the political difficulty. What power will venture to protest against a measure of pacification and conservation, whereby the conflict of armies and the explosion of revolutions are happily got rid of.

The interests of dynasties cannot prevail against the imperious and urgent duty of maintaining order and security, and placing under a regular government peoples whose unchecked passions will infallibly produce convulsions, the reaction of which would shake the whole of Europe. This conditional acceptance of the offer of the States of Central Italy appears therefore to us the most probable, and, at the same time, the most salutary solution of the question."

The Sardinian government has just issued an order for the augmentation of the army by three regiments of light cavalry, and six brigades of infantry. The cavalry regiments are to be called the Milan, the Lodi, and the Montebello. The six infantry brigades will receive their designations from Brescia, Cremona, Pavia, Como, and Bergamo. The other brigade will be called the Lombard Grenadiers.

RESPITE OF DR. SMETHURST.—The London Evening Express says:—It will, we think, be with a feeling of relief that the public will learn the respite of Dr. Smethurst, who, if the law had been allowed to take its course, would have been executed on Tuesday next, for the murder of Isabella Bankes.

After a careful consideration of the evidence taken at the trial, as well as of the opinions which, since the trial, have been elicited from the most eminent medical men, that the death of Miss Banks might possibly have been produced by natural causes, it has been decided to respite the prisoner during Her Majesty's pleasure, and this respite will probably result in a commutation of the capital sentence.

A communication to this effect was made to the High Sheriff last evening, and the welcome news was, of course, immediately transmitted to the prisoner.—*London Evening Express, 3d.*

FRANCE.—A letter from Paris, says that the Queen of Spain has sent to the various courts of Europe a protest against the expulsion of her Bourbon cousin from Parma.

Col. Charras and Barbes refuse to receive the benefits of the Emperor's amnesty. The former has written a letter in furious invective against Napoleon.

The arrival of the Newfoundland mail at Paris has brought the announcement of the full triumph of the French admiralty over the English, in the question concerning the fisheries.

The language used by the Paris Constitutionnel on the subject of the elections in Italy being left entirely to the free will of the people, is considered by every one as a decisive demonstration of the upright and generous views of the Emperor. It has silenced the journals that were harping upon the possibility or probability of the return of the Dukes, and that there might yet be an armed intervention.

The Constitutionnel, however, says the Emperor Napoleon cannot include the Holy See in the system of absolute non-intervention which is to be applied to the rest of Central Italy.

A Paris letter says that there is no doubt that the Zurich Conference disagrees about many points touching the peace of Villa Franca, and the opinion is growing stronger every day that a Congress of the great Powers must be held.

ITALY.—The first National Assembly at Romagna was opened at Bologna on the 1st of September by the Governor General, who in his speech congratulated the people on the alacrity with which they had hastened to the electoral districts to record their votes. He had, he said, provided for the defence of the country against aggressions from all sides, by forming a league with the neighboring States. A letter from Bologna states that at the popular elections the priests deposited their votes as freely as the citizens, and that the result was that an immense majority had voted in favor of the liberal ticket, which goes against the re-establishment, on any condition, of the temporal power of the Pope. The aristocracy were at the head of the movement.

The finances of Romagna were in excellent condition, and there was no doubt that the new government would be able to go on without a loan.

Since the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope, the banditti and smugglers who had infested the Romagna had entirely disappeared.

Advices from Italy state that the people were becoming impatient at the inactivity of the Zurich Conference, and the various contradictory reports touching their doings.

It is also stated that Piedmont demands from Austria the cession of Mantua and Peschiera.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN ITALY.—The Moniteur de l'Armee publishes the list of the troops which comprise the present army of Italy, under the command of Marshal Vaillant. It comprises 22 regiments of infantry of three battalions each; three battalions of foot chasseurs, four regiments of cavalry, 20 batteries of artillery, 2 companies of pontooners, and 6 of engineers, making an effective force of 42,000 infantry, 2,400 cavalry, 2,600 artillery, and 900 engineers—Total 47,000 men.

There are besides 6,000 horses, 96 field pieces, and a park of reserve. If to the above be added the troops of the administration, gendarmerie, &c., there will be a total of 50,000 men, as already announced in a note emanating from the French government.

THE ELECTIONS IN THE ROMAGNA.—M. Edmond Texier, writing to the Siecle from Bologna, bears his testimony to the conduct of the population of the Romagna during the elections, in the following terms:

For the rest, the national will has once more declared itself throughout the Romagna. Universal suffrage has spoken within the last two days. The priests (who are numerous in this country), the monks, the friars, have not been kept away from the balloting urn; like the other citizens, they have been able freely to deposit their votes. It had been said that the priests would abstain; I saw a great number of them enter the polling divisions with their electoral card in their hands. The general result of the vote is known to-day. The liberal list—the list which would not at any price have the temporal power of the Pope re-established—has passed by an immense majority. Do not believe that this list consists of old or new revolutionary names; it is the aristocracy which is at the head of the movement.

Among the deputies I hardly see any but noble names: Count Bentevoglio, Count Malvezzi, Count Marsili, the Marquis Pepoli, Count Annibal Ranuzzi, Count Scarcelli, Prince Rinaldo Simonetti, the Marquis Pizzarroli, the Marquis Tanari, Count Nanni-Levara, Prince Hercolani, Count Salina, Count Tattina, Count Massei, the Commendatore Marco Minghetti, and many more, the enumeration of whom I need not give you. For these rich and powerful men to have consented to stake their fortunes and liberty the clerical government must be greatly execrated in this country, since there is not one among them who is not ready to go into exile on the day that the Legations might have to return beneath the pontifical yoke. The plenipotentiaries for the military league formed between the Duchies and the Romagnas belong likewise to the aristocracy; the Marquis Ginori Lisci for Tuscany, the Marquis Collapani Imperiale for Modena, and for the Romagnas, Prince Hercolani.

This co-operation on the part of the aristocracy has not a little contributed to the maintenance of order, and to the good discipline of the people.

The installation of a new government at Bologna was not so easy as at Parma, Florence and Modena. At Bologna everything had to be created—administration, finance, justice, army and the like. It was necessary to organize the ministries; institute a council of State; instal a civil tribunal; a court of appeal; in a word, to produce on a sudden the whole administrative machine of a State, which has been done by the activity of the new government and the good will of all the citizens. The finances are in an excellent state, and there is the certainty of being able to go on to the new financial period without resorting to a fresh loan. Justice, real justice, has replaced the arbitrary justice of the Roman tribunals; in three months they have formed an army, and organized a numerous national guard. Everything proceeds with admirable order, precision and activity. It might be believed that this government, only born the other day, and which has had to create so much, had been discharging the duties of office for years.

Col. Cipriani, from the first few days of his installation, has known how to aquire, as commissioner extraordinary, a great authority over the multitude. The people place the most absolute confidence in him and his colleagues. Vigilant, active, devoted, he looks to everything himself, and watches with scrupulous care over the maintenance of order and public tranquility. He would tolerate no seditious cry, no harangue in the open air, no unseasonable demonstration; he is at one and the same time the political Governor of the Romagnas and their prefect of peace. During the period of the legitimate government—that is to say, when 6,000 Austrians and 1,800 gendarmes occupied Bologna—the city and country were infested with banditti and smugglers: they stopped travellers in broad daylight, they robbed them at the gates of the city, and in the city itself. Robbery had increased to such a degree that rich persons could no longer go to their country-seats without being stopped on the road. If by chance a complaint was made to Cardinal Antonelli about this prevalence of robbery and smuggling, the perpetrators of which remained unpunished, the cardinal would quietly reply, "It is neither smugglers nor bandits that think of making revolutions."

Well, since the temporal government of the Romagnas has abandoned the Romagnas, by closing the rear behind the Austrian battalions, the bandit has disappeared, and the smuggler has turned soldier. No more arrests anywhere. The road over the Appenines has become as safe as the road from Paris to St. Cloud. No more crimes, no more offences. This infamous revolution had but to appear to clear the roads and secure the safety of every one—a bad precedent, which Cardinal Antonelli will never pardon.

It is on Thursday next that the constituent body is to meet, and on that day will be read the declaration of the government, which proposes the annexation of the Romagna to the kingdom of Piedmont. I am assured that this document will be respectful towards the sovereign Pontiff. The word *deposition* will not be pronounced. EDMOND TEXIER.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Sept. 3.—The sales of Cotton for the week have been 37,000 bales, at an advance of ⅛d. The sales include 4000 to speculators, and 2500 to exporters. The sales on Saturday were 10,000 bales, the market closing steady. The stock of Cotton in port is 650,000 bales, and the total imports for the year ending the 1st of September, were 2,023,000 bales, and the total amount of yearly sales 1,873,000 bales.

STATE OF TRADE.—The Manchester advices are favorable, the market closing firmer, and India clothes are a trifle dearer.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET, Sept. 3.—The market closed steady. Wheat has a declining tendency.

LONDON MARKET, Sept. 3.—Breadstuffs quiet. Flour closed with an advancing tendency, and all qualities have slightly improved. Corn dull and Wheat had declined slightly. The Produce Market was inactive. Sugar is a trifle lower.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Sept. 3.—Consols closed at 95¼@95⅝. No material change had taken place in the London Money Market. Money was abundant at 2½ ₱ cent. The decrease of bullion in the Bank of England has been £337,000.

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c., &c.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten could not sleep all night for anxiety. He was afraid of thunder and lightning, or he would have made one of the party that searched Peter's house. As soon as the storm ceased altogether, he crept down stairs, saddled his mule, and rode to the Three Kings at Sevenbergen. There he found his men sleeping, some on the chairs, some on the tables, some on the floor. He roused them furiously, and heard the story of their unsuccessful search, interlarded with praises of their zeal.

"Fool! to let you go without me," cried the Burgomaster. "My life on't he was there all the time. Looked ye under the girl's bed?"

"No: there was no room for a man there."

"How know ye that, if ye looked not?" snarled Ghysbrecht. "Ye should have looked under her bed, and in it, too; and sounded all the panels with your knives. Come, now, get up, and I shall show ye how to search."

Dierich Brower got up, and shook himself: "If you find him, call me a horse and no man."

In a few minutes Peter's house was again surrounded.

The fiery old man left his mule in the hands of Jorian Ketel, and, with Dierich Brower and the others, entered the house.

The house was empty.

Not a creature to be seen, not even Peter. They went up-stairs, and then suddenly one of the men gave a shout, and pointed through Peter's window, which was open. The others looked, and there, at some little distance, walking quietly across the fields with Margaret and Martin, was the man they sought. Ghysbrecht, with an exulting yell, descended the stairs, and flung himself on his mule; and he and his men set off in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gerard, warned by recent peril, rose before day-break, and waked Martin. The old soldier was astonished. He thought Gerard had escaped by the window last night. Being consulted as to the best way for him to leave the country and elude pursuit, he said there was but one safe road. "I must guide you through the great forest to a bridle road I know of. This will take you speedily to a hostelry, where they will lend you a swift horse; and then an hour's gallop will take you out of Holland. But let us start ere the folk here quit their beds."

Peter's house was but a furlong and a half from the forest. They started, Martin with his bow and three arrows, for it was Thursday; Gerard with nothing but a stout oak staff Peter gave him for the journey.

Margaret pinned up her kirtle and farthingale, for the road was wet. Peter went as far as his garden hedge with them, and then, with more emotion than he often bestowed on passing events, gave the young man his blessing.

The sun was peeping above the horizon as they crossed the stony field and made for the wood. They had crossed about half, when Margaret, who kept nervously looking back every now and then, uttered a cry, and, following her instinct, began to run towards the wood, screaming with terror all the way.

Ghysbrecht and his men were in hot pursuit.

Resistance would have been madness. Martin and Gerard followed Margaret's example. The pursuers gained slightly on them; but Martin kept shouting, "Only gain the wood! only gain the wood!"

They had too good a start for the men on foot, and their hearts bounded with hope at Martin's words, for the great trees seemed now to stretch their branches like friendly arms towards them, and their leaves like a screen.

But an unforseen danger burst on them. The fiery old Burgomaster had flung himself on his mule, and, spurring him to a gallop, he headed not his own men only, but the fugitives. His object was to cut them off. The old man came galloping in a semicircle, and got on the edge of the wood, right in front of Gerard; the others might escape for ought he cared.

Margaret shrieked twice; but only once for Gerard.

Ghysbrecht in his ardor had forgotten that hunted animals turn on the hunter; and that two men can hate, and two can long to kill the thing they hate.

Instead of attempting to dodge him, as the Burgomaster thought he would, Gerard flew right at him with a savage, exultant cry, and struck at him with all his heart and soul and strength. The oak staff came down on his face with a frightful crash, and laid him under his mule's tail, beating the devil's tattoo with his heels, his face streaming, and his collar spattered with blood.

The next moment the three were in the wood. The yell of dismay and vengeance that burst from Ghysbrecht's men at that terrible blow which felled their leader, told the fugitives that it was a race for life or death.

"Why run?" cried Gerard, panting. "You have your bow; and I have this;" and he shook his bloody staff.

"Boy!" roared Martin; "the GALLOWS! Follow me!" and he fled into the wood. Soon they heard a cry like a pack of hounds opening on sight of the game. The men were in the wood, and saw them flitting among the trees. Margaret moaned and panted, as she ran; and Gerard clenched his teeth, and grasped his staff. The next minute they came to a stiff hazel coppice. Martin dashed into it, and shouldered the young wood aside as if it were standing corn.

Ere they had gone fifty yards in it they came to four blind paths.

Martin took one. "Bend low," said he: and, half-creeping, they glided along. Presently their path was again intersected with other tortuous paths. They took one of them; it seemed to lead back, but it soon took a turn, and after a while brought them to a thick pine grove, where the walking was good and hard: there were no paths here, and the young firtrees were so thick you could not see three yards before your nose.

When they had gone some way in this, Martin sat down, and accustomed to lose all impression of danger with the danger itself, took a piece of bread and a slice of ham out of his wallet, and began quietly to eat his breakfast.

The young ones looked at him with dismay. He replied to their looks.

"All Sevenbergen could not find you now; you will lose your purse, Gerard, long before you get to Italy; is that the way to carry a purse?"

Gerard looked, and there was a large triangular purse, entangled by its chains to the buckle and strap of his wallet.

"This is none of mine," said he. "What is in it, I wonder?" and he tried to detach it; but in passing through the coppice it had become inextricably entangled in his strap and buckle. "It seems loath to leave me," said Gerard, and he had to cut it loose with his knife.

The purse, on examination, proved to be well provided with silver coins of all sizes, but its bloated appearance was owing to a number of pieces of brown paper folded and doubled. A light burst on Gerard.

"Why, it must be that old thief's! and see! stuffed with paper to deceive the world!"

The wonder was, how the Burgomaster's purse came on Gerard.

They hit at last upon the right solution. The purse must have been at Ghysbrecht's saddlebow, and Gerard, rushing at his enemy, had unconsciously torn it away, thus felling his enemy and robbing him, with a single gesture.

Gerard was delighted at this feat, but Margaret was uneasy.

"Throw it away, Gerard, or let Martin take it back. Already they call you a thief. I cannot bear it."

"Throw it away? give it him back? not a stiver. This is spoil, lawfully won in battle from an enemy. Is it not, Martin?"

"Why, of course. Send him back the brown paper an you will; but the purse or the coin—that were a sin."

"Oh, Gerard!" said Margaret, "you are going to a distant land. We need the good will of Heaven. How can we hope for that, if we take what is not ours?"

But Gerard saw it in a different light.

"It is Heaven that gives it me by a miracle, and I shall cherish it accordingly," said this pious youth. "Thus the favored people spoiled the Egyptains, and were blessed."

"Take your own way," said Margaret, humbly, "you are wiser than I am. You are my husband," added she, in a low murmuring voice; "is it for me to gainsay you?"

These humble words from Margaret, who, till that day, had held the whip hand, rather surprised Martin for the moment. They recurred to him sometime afterwards, and then they surprised him less.

Gerard kissed her tenderly in return for her wife-like docility, and they pursued their journey hand-in-hand, Martin leading the way, into the depths of the huge forest. The farther they went the more absolutely secure from pursuit they felt. Indeed, the townspeople never ventured so far as this into the trackless part of the forest.

Impetuous nature repent quickly. Gerard was no sooner out of all danger, than his conscience began to prick him.

"Martin, would I had not struck quite so hard."

"Whom? Oh! let that pass; he is cheap served."

"Martin, I saw his gray hairs as my stick fell on him. I doubt I shall not get them out of my sight this while."

Martin grunted.

"Who spares a badger for his gray hairs? The grayer your enemy is, the older; and the older the craftier; and the craftier the better for a little killing."

"Killing? Killing, Martin? don't speak of killing!"

And Gerard shook all over.

"I am very much mistaken if you have not," said Martin, cheerfully.

"Now Heaven forbid!"

"The old vagabond's skull cracked like a walnut. Aha!"

"God and all the saints forbid it!"

"He rolled off his mule like a stone shot out of a cart. Said I to myself, 'there is one wiped out.'"

And the iron old soldier grinned ruthlessly.

Gerard fell on his knees, and began to pray for his enemy's life.

At this Martin lost patience.

"Here's mummery. What, you that set up for learning, know you not that a wise man never strikes his enemy but to kill him? And what is all this coil about killing of old men? If it had been a young one now, with the joys of life waiting for him—to wit, wine, women, and pillage—but an old fellow at the edge of the grave, why *not* shove him in?" Go he must, to-day or to-morrow; and what better place for graybeards? Now, if ever I should be so mischancy as to last so long as Ghysbrecht did, and have to go on a mule's legs instead of Martin Wittenhaagen's, and a back like this (striking the wood of his bow,) instead of this (striking the string,) I'll thank and bless any young fellow, who will have the charity and the friendship to knock me on the head, as you have done that old shopkeeper, malediction on his memory!"

"Oh, culpa mea! culpa mea!" cried Gerard, and smote upon his breast.

"Look there," said Martin to Margaret, scornfully, "*he's a priest at heart, still:* and, when he is not in ire, St. Paul! what a milksop!"

"Tush, Martin!" cried Margaret, reproachfully: then sinking on her knees, she wreathed her arms round Gerard, and comforted him with the double magic of a woman's sense and a woman's voice.

"Sweetheart," murmured she, "you forget—you went not a step out of the way to harm him, who hunted you to your death. You fled from him. He it was who spurred on you. Then did you strike, but in self-defence, and a single blow, and with that which was in your hand. Malice had drawn knife, or struck again and again. How often have men been smitten with staves not one but many blows, yet no lives lost. If then your enemy has fallen, it is through his own malice, not yours, and by the will of God."

"Bless you, Margaret, bless you, for thinking so!"

"Yea, but, beloved one; if you have had the *misfortune* to kill that wicked man, the more need is there that you fly with haste from Holland. Oh! let us on."

"Nay, Margaret," said Gerard. "I fear not man's vengeance, thanks to Martin here, and this thick wood; only Him I fear whose eye pierces the forest, and reads the heart of man. If I but struck in self-defence, 'tis well; but if in hate, he may bid the avenger of blood follow me to Italy; to Italy? ay, to earth's remotest bounds."

"Hush!" said Martin, peevishly, "I can't hear for your chat."

"What is it?"

"Do you hear nothing, Margaret? My ears are getting old."

Margaret listened, and presently she heard a tuneful sound, like a single stroke upon a deep ringing bell. She described it so to Martin.

"Nay, I heard it," said he.

"And so did I," said Gerard; "it was beautiful. Ah! there it is again. How sweetly it blends with the air. It is a long way off. It is before us, is it not?"

"No, no! the echoes of this wood confound the ear of a stranger. It comes from the pine grove."

"What, the one we passed?"

"The one we passed."

"Why, Martin, is this *anything?* You look pale."

"Wonderful!" said Martin, with a sickly sneer. "He asks me is it *anything?* Come on, on! at any rate, let us reach a better place than this."

"A better place—for what?"

"To stand at bay, Gerard," said Martin, gravely; "and die like soldiers, killing three for one."

"What's that sound?"

"IT IS THE AVENGER OF BLOOD."

"Oh, Martin, save him! Oh, Heaven, be merciful! What new, mysterious peril is this?"

"GIRL, IT'S A BLOOD-HOUND."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ ONE OF THE USES OF CREDIT.—Two visitors to the Rapids of Sault St. Marie attempted to descend in a boat, without a boatman, and were, of course, upset:

"As the accident took place opposite the town, many of the inhabitants were attracted to the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking any attempt at a rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared running toward the group, frantic with excitement. 'Save the man with the red hair!' he vehemently shouted; and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals proved successful, and the red-haired individual, in an exhausted condition, was safely landed. 'He owes me eighteen dollars,' said his rescuer, drawing a long breath and looking approvingly on his assistants. The red-haired man's friend had not a creditor at the Sault, and, in default of a competing claim, was allowed to pay his debt to nature. 'And I'll tell you what it is, stranger,' said the narrator of the foregoing incident, complacently drawing a moral therefrom, 'a man never'll know how necessary he is to society if he don't make his life valuable to his friends as well as to himself.'"

☞ BRANDY VS. BOURBON WHISKEY.—An animated discussion, involving the relative hygienic properties of these liquors, was held on one of the porticos of the Burnet a day or two since. Finally, and as a clincher, the Bourbon man cited Col. ———, of Lexington, who had drank pure Bourbon since he was fifteen, and drank it steadily; he was now sixty years old, hale and hearty. But the champion of Cognac retorts: "What do I care for that—if he had drank brandy he'd been *eighty* by this time."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

☞ Rochefoucault said that the reason why lovers are so fond of one another's company is that they are always talking about themselves.

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CHASE GOES ON.

The gray dawn gives place to the dull day. The travellers are few, and go trudging through the rain and mud, with discontented faces.—Now and then we whirl past some little cart or wagon, spattering the horses, and sometimes the driver, with our rapid wheels, and dash on before he has time to utter the indignant remonstance which rises to his lips.

Always on—on—on, and so fast! The formal lines of poplars and pollards seem to rise up beside the windows as we go, and to glide out of sight, like ghostly sentinels going through an exercise. Now a gate—now a fallow-field, with the idle ploughs lying in the furrows—now a little farm-house—a bridge—a canal, all dimpled with the rain—a plantation—a party of country girls in cloaks and hoods, all become for a moment visible, and the next are left far behind.

See—yonder lamp-post by the roadside marks the first toll-barrier, and tells us that we have journeyed one league. Only one league! Why, we seem to have been two hours at least upon the road; yet, on consulting the watch, we find it scarcely twenty minutes. We might pay the tolls to the post-boy to avoid delay: but we must stop and speak with the toll-keeper.

"Ho! Has there been a carriage past here this morning before dawn? A carriage containing a gentleman and lady?"

The gate-keeper is an old man. He shades his eye with his hand, peers up at us from beneath his shaggy brows, and says, tremulously,

"You must speak louder. I am rather hard of hearing."

I repeat the question, like a stentor, and a flash of intelligence crosses his face.

"Oh, ay—ay. There was a carriage, to be sure. A dark-green chariot, with four bays. You must ride fast, if ye would catch 'em?"

On again—faster and faster! The post-boy shall have a double fee for his speed. The trees seem to fly—the people on the road stand still, and look after us in wonder.

"Cheer up," I say, to my companion—"cheer up! we are on their track most surely, and we will take four horses at the next post-house. We shall overtake them after all!"

Vogelsang groans, and points to his head.

"You are in great pain? Well, we can stop at the first town, and have the wound dressed."

"No, not for a second. *They* will pause somewhere to rest. Our only chance is in perpetual travelling."

He is so resolute on this point, and there is so much reason in his argument, that I know not how to refute it. So, after a brief expostulation, I yield, and we are again silent.

Another lamp-post marks another league.—Here toll-house and post-house are one, and while we change horses, I put the usual questions, and receive the same answers. A carriage has been up about five hours ago (it is now nearly eight o'clock, A. M.), and took a relay of four horses.

"The four horses, indeed," says the groom, "are now in the stable feeding."

"And the post-boys who drove them—where are they?"

The groom points to two men who are hastily donning their jackets and buckling on their spurs inside the stable-door.

"They are now preparing to drive, monsieur."

They are instantly called and questioned, and their replies confirm everything. The carriage contained a lady and a gentleman. The lady kept her veil down, and leaned far back all the time; but they saw her hands and her fine rings. The gentleman had light hair, and paid them with gold, as if the ten-franc pieces were nothing but cents. They went like lightning. Holy St. Francis, what a hurry they were in!

Very well! To your saddles! Five francs apiece for you, if we clear the next two leagues in twenty minutes!"

My urgent tones and gestures seem to lend some meaning to the chase; for the grinning ostlers look and laugh among themselves, and I overhear one of them mutter,

"It is his wife, perhaps!"

Useless to chafe at the boorish jest! I affect not to observe it, and again we are on the road, faster and faster!

Thus on and on for hour after hour, till mind and limbs grow weary from the lack of sleep. At noon the sky clears, and the sun comes out, and we reach the old fortified city of Mons, with its grand steeple and surrounding ditches! Here we purchase bread and wine, and partake of it as we go; and presently we have left the busy streets and squares, and are travelling along by the bleaching-grounds and coal districts that lie beyond.

Were farther traces needed, we gather plenty on our way. Everywhere they are about five hours before us; sometimes a little more or less. They are remembered at toll-houses and post-houses all along the road. In many instances we are driven by their very post-boys, and these we examine eagerly. It is curious how all their stories tally. The lady was always veiled and leaning back; the gentleman always scattering gold with a careless hand.—At one town the lady had a glass of milk. The gentleman sometimes smoked. The carriage was their own. They seemed to care nothing for money, but everything for speed.

On and on! Vogelsang, despite his suffering, sustains the fatigue better than I had expected, and sleeps at intervals.

In the afternoon, at a small post-house, we find their carriage. The rough, paved Belgian roads have split the wheels in every direction, and hence they were compelled to travel in a hired vehicle. In a moment I spring out and search it eagerly. Here is Theophile's morocco cigar-case under one of the cushions, and a bag containing a few biscuits. The cigar-case is a prize, and I secure it.

Now the town of St. Ghislain, black, flat, dreary. The roads are thick with coal-dust; the cottages mean and many; the tall chimneys casting forth clouds of smoke. Then come hamlets, trees and canals again, gliding like a phantasmagoria—then Quievrain.

At Quievrain we reach the limits of Belgium, and are vexatiously hindered by the authorities of the customs. Our passports are not quite regular—we are subjected to a tedious interrogatory—are compelled to procure *visas* in the town, and are not suffered to pass the frontier till after a delay of nearly three hours. At the custom-house we still pursue our inquiries, and are referred to the *chef de bureau's* office, where an old gentleman with a white beard and an eye-glass asks our business.

"We are anxious to overtake a lady and gentleman who passed the frontier this morning. We have reason to believe that it was by this road they went, and we want to know for what place they are bound."

The old gentleman mends a pen slowly, and coughs twice or thrice, as if to gain time.

"And what may be your object in following these persons? Have they committed any offence?"

"None for which I am bound to account to you. It is enough that we are in the utmost haste, and that we beg you to be quick, as we have already been delayed three hours."

"What are the names of the parties?"

"Therese Vogelsang and Theophile Latour."

"And yours?"

We hand him our passports in reply, which he examines carefully.

"Which of you is Heinrich Vogelsang?"

My companion steps forward, and says it is he.

"Are you the husband of Therese Vogelsang?"

"I am."

Here the old gentleman smiles cunningly to himself, and tries the nib of his pen upon his thumb-nail. He then turns to me.

"And you are Paul Latour, of Burgundy, French subject?"

"Yes."

"What relation are you to Theophile Latour?"

"His elder brother."

"Hum! And your elder brother, sir, and *your* wife, sir, passed this barrier this morning?"

"So we believe."

The old gentleman opens a large book, wipes his eyeglass carefully, and, pointing with a fat forefinger, begins carefully examining the pages from bottom to top, as if he were reading Hebrew. This goes on for so long that we begin to despair. At last he stops suddenly.

"Hem!" (he has a bad cough, this old gentleman.) "Hem! '*Passed this day, between the hours of one and two, P. M., Therese Vogelsang—vocalist—Austrian subject. Going to Paris from Brussels.*' Is that the lady, sir?"

"Yes—yes," says Vogelsang, hurriedly. "It is she! Let us go directly—we have no time to lose!"

"Stay," says the old gentleman, calmly, "you have not heard all. What did you say was the name of the other party?"

"Theophile Latour."

"No—that is not the name."

"Not the name?"

"No."

"What is it, then?"

"*Alphonse Lemaire—proprietaire—French subject.*"

Vogelsang and I look involuntarily at each other—the old gentleman is watching us, and reads the meaning of the glance as plainly as if the thought had been spoken.

"Then it is an assumed name," he says, with a keen look. "Alphonse Lemaire is really Theophile Latour! Well."

And he makes an entry beside the former name, with a gleam of the old cunning smile hovering round the corners of his mouth; then shuts the large book with a sudden bang; bows politely, and asks if he can be of any farther service. Of course not—we have heard enough, and may pursue our journey as we will.

So we pass out into a sort of waiting-room beyond, and consult together. We have now lost four hours. When we first started we were five behind. Five and four make nine. What chance have we of overtaking them upon the road now, being nine hours after them? The swiftest horses that ever ran could not accomplish it. Better take the rail, and push on for Paris direct. Most probably it is the very thing they did themselves!

So we decide upon this course, and dismiss the post-chaise.

Fortunately there will be a train in about half-an-hour. We spend the intervening time in accomplishing a hasty ablution, and in procuring a little refreshment; for we shall be travelling all night.

Then the train comes up—we take our places, and are once more forward in pursuit.

We are in France now—on the Great North Railway—on the road to Paris; and so the feverish day passes to its close.

It is night. Dark, lonely night, with the misting rain beginning to fall again, and the wearisome rushing sound of our progress dinning, dinning in our ears.

Utterly overcome by long watching and excitement, I find my ideas wander and my eyelids grow heavy. Troubled dreams, which mock reality, weave themselves in with the web of my thoughts, and I wake with a start from visions wherein Theophile, Vogelsang, Adrienne, Margaret, Seabrook, and Therese are mingled in hideous confusion.

Every now and then a sudden stoppage—a flashing light—a passing view of a station and passengers—the entrance of fresh travellers and the departure of others, or the abrupt voice of a guard calling upon us to show our tickets—the starting off again—the monotonous rushing sound—the blurred picture of a dark, wet night—dreams—wakings up—complete forgetfulness once more. This over and over, with alternate slumberings and moanings from my restless fellow-traveller, who tosses his arms wildly in his sleep, and dreaming or waking, is ever muttering to himself.

Once in the dark night I wake up entirely, and fall to thinking over all this strange adventure. Theophile eloped with Therese—Therese the wife of this man beside me—Adrienne deserted! Strangest of all that Theophile should take the name of the man Lemaire for his incognito! Done to mislead us, of course. But we are not to be so misled. From this theme my thoughts, somehow or another, revert to Burger's "Leonora." The wild midnight journey—the flying scenery; these combine and strike me with an odd sense of similarity; and so I drop off to sleep again, murmuring—

"Hurrah! the dead can swiftly ride!"

Then I dream that Theophile and the singer are on before. Theophile is not only Theophile, but Wilhelm. Wilhelm is not only Wilhelm, but Death. He rides upon a shadowy steed, and she clings to his waist in the likeness of Leonora. This ghastly confusion of persons fills me with inexplicable terror. I watch them from the window (for it seems that I am following them in the post-chaise again). They ride like the wind. Theophile looks round at me—his face is that of a grinning skeleton, and he points to Vogelsang sitting at my side. Horror! not Vogelsang now, but the livid corpse of Fletcher is my companion in this frightful chase!

I shriek for aid, and wake with the cry on my lips.

Wake and find it gray dawn again, and the towers of St. Denis showing dimly through the mist. Beyond them, faint and yet distant, lies the shadowy outline of a great city. Steeples and housetops and shining cupolas grow plainer with every instant of our progress—with every fresh beam of early sunrise. Then glimpses of the broad bright Seine—of some grassy earthworks, stretching round the city—of the hill, valley, and forest of Montmorency—of nestling country-houses—of scattered suburbs—streets—the walls of a station. We are arrived at last, and it is a bright, fresh, sunny morning, more like May than October.

Vogelsang is refreshed by a long sleep and feels better, and we hire a voiture de place, desiring the driver to take us to the Hotel des Etrangers in the Rue Duphot, for my companion has been here before, and knows where to go.

Oh, beautiful Paris! how fair and strange it looks to me in the early morning! There are no shops open, and but few people on foot. The broad streets are silent and sunny—the trees of the Boulevards have not yet lost all their leaves—the gilded balconies of the hotels and the white shutters of the lofty houses remind me of the City of Kaliph and the palaces of Grenada. Now comes a graceful little theatre—now a vista of glittering arcades—now a glimpse of a broad street and lofty iron column, with the statue of Napoleon crowning it worthily—now a wide space planted round with trees, and a white glorious temple in the midst—a second Parthenon, classic, pillared, vast—the church of the Madeleine. Far down towards the left flits a vision of obelisk, and fountain, and far palaces; but it is gone in an instant, and we have turned aside into a narrow street, and are pausing before the door of the Hotel des Etrangers.

Now for an hour or two of rest and quiet ere we search farther. We are shown to our rooms, ordering breakfast in three hours, and desiring the waiter to wake us at the time.

There is a sofa in my chamber, and I lie down upon it in my clothes, preferring it to the bed, and am soon sound asleep. The three hours thus glide away like ten minutes, and it seems to me that I have scarcely closed my eyes, when the voice of the attendant outside my door informs me that it is already half-past nine o'clock, and that the breakfast is ready.

Can it all be true, or am I still dreaming? Have I been pursuing Theophile and Therese, with Vogelsang for my fellow-traveller? Have I left Margaret and Belgium far away? And am I in France, and is this really Paris?

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

"The first thing to be done," says Vogelsang, "is to go to the prefecture of police, and ascertain when they arrived."

To the prefecture of police we go accordingly, crossing the Seine, with a far prospect of the stately river-palaces, and driving up a gloomy court branching off from the Quai des Orfevres. The court is full of carriages—the dark passages full of soldiers. In a long room surrounded by clerks, we next make our inquiries, and, after meeting with many delays and being referred from desk to desk, are told at length that no persons bearing such names have arrived in Paris.

This is disappointing; yet we might almost have expected it. It is hardly probable, after all, that they would have travelled so unflaggingly as ourselves; and, in taking to the railway, it may be that we have even passed them on the road. Well, it is but to wait another day! They must be here to-morrow.

The morrow comes, and with the same result. In the morning we are first at the prefecture. In the afternoon we linger last. The officials are very polite. They regret to disappoint "messieurs" so often. "Messieurs'" friends will be here to-morrow, without doubt!

And so the 19th of October passes, and they have not yet been recorded. Oh, how dreary and irritating is the rest of this second day! How annoying to the heavy heart are these evidences of mirth and life—these open theatres—these brilliant carriages—these pleasure-seekers who crowd the dusk alleys of the Champs Elysees, the booths, cafes, and concert-gardens! How harsh is this music, and how hollow seems the merriment of the gay city!

It is gorgeous, it is startling, it is utterly new and surprising to me; but its very splendor jars upon me now, and I could hate the people for being so happy!

Vogelsang, too, is a depressing companion—gloomy, reserved, abrupt; seldom speaking, and always absorbed in the one stern thought—revenge. He is much better now, but still very pale, and the livid mark upon his brow looks ghastly to the eye.

Night comes at last. Night, and sleep, and troubled dreams, till the next day dawns.

Back then over the Seine—back in the early morning, to the prefecture of police. The bureau is not yet opened—will not be opened for two hours more. Two dreary hours! What can we do for two hours?

"The Morgue is close at hand," says Vogelsang, "let us go there."

The Morgue! I shuddered. I had often heard of the place. At any other time I should have refused to enter its dark precincts; but to-day it was in accordance with my morbid condition of mind, and I consented.

The morning was cold and bright, and the yellow Seine rushed in swift circling eddies through the arches of the Pont St. Michel, and rocked the floating baths beside the quays. I seem to remember every event of that hasty walk. There was a mountebank in a cart, dressed in motley, and vending his wares to the harsh music of a hand-organ. He had taken his stand where the carriage-way was broadest, and the surrounding crowd were laughing loudly at his jests. A troop of soldiers marched by, with ensign and band. Some children ran after me with cakes and chocolate for sale. All was hurry—gaiety—life, and in the midst of it rose that one dark, melancholy building of the Marche Neuf. That low square pile, like a huge tomb, built with great blocks of stone, green and discolored from abutting on the water. Windowless, deathlike, dreary. There was a crowd of ouvriers, soldiers, women, and children gathered round the entrance. Many were going in; others coming out.

"What a pity!" said a young girl to her mother, as they passed close beside us, on leaving the place; "such a child and so pretty!"

I looked at my companion, and drew back.

"I don't think I will go in, after all," I said.

He shrugged his shoulders and made no reply; but walked straight in, and so I followed him.

A fearful place indeed! There on a black marble slab, exposed to the idle gaze of every eye, lay the body of a young fair boy, a mere child. His long, bright hair fell in wet masses on the stone couch; his eyes and mouth were closed; and his pale lips were contracted into an expression of determined agony.

"Suicide!" murmured the people at the grating. "Suicide!"

I turned to a soldier standing by the door.

"Is it possible," I asked, "that this child can have purposely destroyed himself?"

"We cannot tell, monsieur; but it is most likely. They often do."

I went back again, as if fascinated, and stood for a long time looking at him. There was another body lying at a little distance from him, but changed and frightful to look upon. I seem still to see that picture before me, with the long grating—the crowd of eager faces—the sad property of the dead, the wet and faded clothing hanging round the walls—the dim light coming from the roof—the trickling water flowing over the features of the drowned——

I could bear it no longer. I turned suddenly away, and hurried out into the street. I felt oppressed and shocked, and the blazing sunlight seemed unnaturally bold, and bright, and painful, by the contrast.

Vogelsang follows me with a gloomy smile upon his harsh lips.

"You are not used to the sight of death, Monsieur Latour," he says, with a sarcastic accent.

"I have seen it but twice in my life before. Once when I was an infant, and my father died. Once again some few months since, while I was in Germany. Upon a battle-field it would not affect me thus—but upon the face of a young child—"

"Humph! Here we are in front of the prefecture of police. The two hours are nearly past."

Presently we go in again. Still the same reply.

"No strangers bearing such names upon their passports have yet been registered. We would recommend monsieur to call again in the afternoon, about four o'clock. By that time, perhaps, we may be able to afford him some information."

Will delays and disappointments never cease?

It were vain to think of pleasure at a moment like this; yet how is the time to be employed? I have written to Seabrook, but it would be useless to seek letters at the post-office till to-morrow. Shall we go to the Louvre—to the Luxembourg—to Notre Dame—to Pere la Chaise?

To the latter be it, then; for I am still sad and dispirited, and the face of that dead child is vividly present to my eyes.

How calm, and still, and melancholy it is here in the cemetery! The sunlight comes creeping through the leaves and lying gently down along the graves, like a fond mourner; and we walk silently between the monuments, as in the streets of a dead city. Here are tombs like little chapels, with altar, and cross, and painted window—others like pyramids, or temples, or sharp granite obelisks. Some are carved into the semblance of a broken pillar—a draperied urn—an open volume lying on a desk, inscribed with holy and consoling words. A pleasant, tranquil place, dark with the pine and yew, planted by pious hands with every autumn flower, sacred to the Past and to the Future!

I am thinking of Margaret now, and I long to be alone. Vogelsang has thrown himself upon the grass at the foot of a great tree, and is jotting some memoranda in his pocket-book; so I stroll away, and finding a solitary high spot, with a view of the distant country and of the cemetery, sit down upon an humble grave, and suffer my thoughts to wander back to Brussels.

The dead are sleeping very peacefully at my feet and all around me, Margaret, and I am watching here among them with my human love beating at my heart, the only living thing in sight. It is very awful to think this; yet it fills me with a strange sort of gladness, and I feel that to have you sitting here beside me with your hand in mine, to lay my over-throbbing temples on your breast, and there die, would be a blessed rounding of my life, and happiness complete. Not in sorrow, Margaret, not even in weariness do I say it; but at this moment it seems to me that such a fate would be the fulfillment of love and life. My heart is heavy at the remembrance of all the miles that lie between us, and I can scarcely believe that you are so far distant from me. We are parted, and every parting is a form of death—as every reunion is a type of Heaven.

It is well for me that I came hither to-day. The aspect of this garden-graveyard has soothed me—restored the balance of my mind. I was shocked, erewhile, by the sight of that fair child, and his manner of death. Gloomy and terrible thoughts tormented and mocked me, as the pale Furies, Prometheus; but they are gone now, and to die seems beautiful. Death is not truly that brief pang with which we cease to live. It dates from the dark hour in which we first find that life has lost its charm; when fades the glory "from the grass, the splendor from the flower;" when all smiles are sad to us, and all tears indifferent; when, as with Hamlet, "man delights not us, nor woman either," and the very clouds and sunshine overhead look old and sorrowful.

But I did not intend to chant a requiem to thee, Margaret. I meant it for a love-song, and lo, my words are traitors to me—and mine eyes too, by this mist before them!

There is a little blue-eyed flower (a sickly, slender thing that shivers in the cold autumnal breeze, like a star in a frosty night,) growing up beside the pathway at my feet. Stray child of the summer-time, I will gather thee in memory of this hour and its poetry!

And so I rise up, and return to Vogelsang. My shadow has lengthened since I left him, and only the tree-tops catch the red sunlight now. His watch is in his hand. It is nearly four o'clock, and he is impatient to be gone.

Back, then, once more, to the prefecture of police. Out through the broad semicircular entrance, out into the stream of busy, careless life again, and on towards the accomplishment of our anxious task.

The clerk looks up and smiles as we approach his desk, in the long, gloomy room, all lit with gas and crowded with people. He knows the errand on which we come, and begins rapidly turning over the leaves of a large volume. Presently he stops, reads some passages attentively, then, turning towards us—

"I am rejoiced to inform you, messieurs," he says, politely, "that your friends have arrived. Have the goodness to listen. 'On the evening of the 19th inst., Madame Therese Vogelsang, vocalist; Austrian subject; from Brussels. Also, Monsieur Alphonse Lemaire; proprietaire; French subject; from Brussels. *Description of person.*—Tall; eyes, blue; nose, short; hair and beard, reddish-yellow. Residence, No. 30 Avenue ———, Champs Elysees.' Those, I believe, are the parties for whom you inquired?"

This is sufficient! The *fiacre* in which we came waits for us outside. We leap in, desire the driver to take us to the Champs Elysees, and are directly on the way.

Swiftly, swiftly along the quays and over the Pont Neuf—swiftly past the Louvre, and up to the Place de la Concorde, till we reach the central avenue leading to the Arc de l'Etoile. Here, although it is now almost dusk, the road is filled with carriages, and the footways with promenaders. The long rows of bright lamps on either side look like illuminated chains stretching from end to end, and in among the trees is the gay perpetual fair of shows and mountebanks, and *cafes concerts*.

We move but slowly here, and as the Avenue ——— lies up near the Jardin d'Hiver, it is long before we turn aside from the principal road to the quiet, retired spot, which, as our driver tells us, is the locality we named.

The houses are built as villas, and each is surrounded by a spacious garden. Many of them, says the driver, are schools, boarding-houses, and *maisons de sante*. Within a few doors of No. 30, we pause and alight; for we are anxious not to attract the attention of the inmates; and so walk on and stop before the house.

It is built in the Italian style, surrounded by a wall and garden, and set round with lofty trees, on which few leaves remain. There are lights gleaming from some of the windows, and sometimes a passing shadow from within darkens on the blinds. By-and-by the sound of a piano is heard, and the tones of an enchanting voice linger and rise and fade upon the air. Then they cease—the outline of a woman's form flits along the curtain—all is still.

Observing thus, we wait and watch for full three-quarters of an hour, and then turn silently away.

They are found now, and to-morrow shall see the work begun!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

STRENGTH MEETS STRENGTH, AND CRAFT WITH CRAFT IS MATCHED.

It is bright morning again, and again I stand looking up at the house where my misguided brother and his mistress are dwelling. The air is chill—the blessed sun is shining as if there were no sin nor sorrow in the world—the red and yellow leaves strew all the ground, and shower down with every gust of wind—the workmen are going to their daily labor—the little children are playing in the streets—all toil and pleasure is going on as usual, and I am standing there with a stern duty upon my hands, and a heart full of perplexity and trouble.

Looking down towards that point where the road branches off from the main avenue of the Champs Elysees, I see the figure of a man walking slowly to and fro. He pauses—he waves his hand impatiently. It is Vogelsang, and he is urging me to action. We judged it best that I should go in alone, and see my brother first, and he is waiting yonder till I return. Nay, I do not need urging; and in proof of it, I ring the bell beside the garden gate. It is answered by a servant in livery.

"Is Monsieur Lemaire at home?"

"He is breakfasting, monsieur."

"No matter. I will wait."

With these words I am shown in; and, following the man through the garden, am ushered up a broad flight of stairs, and into a small but elegant drawing-room.

"What name shall I say, monsieur?" asks the servant, lingering at the door.

"It is of no consequence. I am a stranger, and I come upon business."

Left alone in the room, I observe every thing, with that peculiar susceptibility to trifles, that painfully acute power of seeing and reasoning, which, at times of great excitement or anxiety, seems to endue the senses with a twofold power.

The furniture of the *salon* is rich, but not new. One or two valuable paintings adorn the walls, and, suspended in the most conspicuous situation, hangs a superb full-length portrait of an officer under Napoleon. His breast is covered with orders; his weather-beaten face and white moustache tell of long service: he leans upon the neck of a bay charger, and a distant view of the sands and Pyramids of Egypt points to the scene of at least one of his campaigns. Crossing over to examine it more nearly, I see the name of David in the corner.

The induction is easy. Theophile has hired the house for the season, while the owners are absent at their country seat, or on their travels.

Some books lie on the table, and I examine one. It is the "History of the Consulate and the Empire," by Thiers; and under an engraved coat of arms pasted in the first leaf, I see the name of De Montreuil. The name of the owners of the place, of course.

A grand pianoforte is placed close under the portrait. It is open, and the candles which were used the night before are yet standing, half burnt down, on either side of the music-book. Near it, two chairs drawn close together seem to show me where they have been sitting side by side; and a man's hat is thrown carelessly upon a couch beside the window.

Strange that the veriest trifles should find a place in my attention at this moment; but I remember noticing that it was a white hat, and that I had never known Theophile to wear a white hat before!

As I am thinking this, the door opens, the same servant appears, and I am requested to follow him.

Down stairs this time, through a broad hall and a spacious library, and into a pleasant parlor opening upon a conservatory and garden. There is breakfast on the table—a lady in a white morning robe leaning back in an easy-chair by the fireside, reading the newspaper—a gentleman with his back turned towards me, stooping over some flowers in the conservatory beyond.

She lays aside the paper as I enter, with an anxious glance at my face, and half rises from her chair.

She is most lovely to-day in that white robe. Her dark, lustrous hair is gathered in massive rolls at the back of her head, and fastened by a single golden arrow—her beautiful arms are half hidden by the wide lace sleeves—her attitude is that of a Queen, graceful, indolent, dignified—like Cleopatra's in the Golden Galley.

"You wish to see Monsieur Lemaire," she says, courteously, and with the slightest foreign accent in the world. "He will be here immediately. Pray take a seat."

I bow profoundly, but remain standing, hat in hand.

"Laurent, request your master to step this way. A gentleman is waiting to speak with him."

The servant passes into the conservatory, and madame resumes the newspaper; but I can see that she does not read a single line.

Now the servant has reached his side—he pauses—turns—enters the room, and I recognize—not my brother, not Theophile, but a harsh, unprepossessing countenance, which I certainly remembered to have seen and noticed lately, but where I cannot tell!

"You have asked for me, monsieur? I am entirely at your service."

That sneering smile, that glance from beneath the drooping eyelids, that peculiar gesture, I could swear that I have—yes, by Heaven! it is the man Lemaire himself—the real owner of the name—the lessee of the Brussels theatre!

"You have business with me, I believe. Pray, is it respecting theatrical matters?"

Still breathless, bewildered, utterly taken by surprise, I can only look at him. A crowd of ideas are flitting like lightning through my mind. Where is Theophile? Shall I ask for him? Shall I tell them who I am?

"You have but to speak, monsieur. I am waiting."

This is said somewhat impatiently, and with a surprised, suspicious glance from beneath the red eyelashes, which fills me with aversion, so fox-like is it, and so stealthy.

Madame drops the paper now, and fixes her dark eyes full upon my face.

"Perhaps," she observes haughtily, "if the gentleman will not state the purport of his visit, he will, at least, be so obliging as to inform us of his name."

My course is taken now. I return her gaze steadily, and the tone of my voice, as I reply, is measured, resonant, penetrating.

"My name, madame, could be of little importance to this gentleman. I came here this morning to meet a very different person. You, most probably, can guess whom I mean, and will, perhaps, favor me with some address by which I can find him."

She still looks at me fixedly, as before, for a few seconds, and the pupils of her eyes seem to dilate, as if from some inner passion of anger, suspicion, or defiance. Then, finding that I sustain her scrutiny unwaveringly, she suddenly drops the lids, and leaning back with an affectation of proud indifference, turns to Monsieur Lemaire and says languidly,

"You see, Alphonse, it is a mistake altogether. This—this person is inquiring for the people to whom the house belongs. I think we can oblige him; for, if you remember, they left us a card by which we were to direct any letters that might arrive for Monsieur (what is his name?) Monsieur de—de Montreuil. Will you have the kindness to pass me that paper-case—I am almost sure that the card is inside. We will not detain you, monsieur, many minutes. Ah! here it is—'Monsieur le Comte de Montreuil, Poste Restante, Baden-Baden, Germany.'"

"I thank you, madame," I reply in the same tone, and without having once removed

my eyes from her face, "but it was not to meet M. le Comte de Montreuil that I came here to-day."

"Indeed!" she exclaims, quickly, looking up at me again with a sharp, unquiet glance. "Pray whom else could you have thought to see here, in my house?"

"Monsieur Theophile Latour."

I have expected something of a start, an exclamation, a passing expression of surprise or shame. But no—she is calm, impassable, unmoved as a statue; only, on looking more closely, I fancy that the rich brunette tint upon her cheek is a shade paler, and that the delicate nostril quivers twice or thrice, but almost imperceptibly.

"You are in error, sir," she says clearly and deliberately. "Monsieur Theophile Latour is not here. You had better direct your letters to Brussels. He is residing there, and they will be sure to find him."

"To Brussels, madame! But he has left Brussels!"

"Indeed? I was not aware of that."

So calm, so collected, so natural! I am almost thrown off my guard, and begin to doubt the evidences of the ball and the journey!

"Not aware of it, madame?"

"You echo my words strangely, sir. I repeat that I was 'not aware of it.' Are you contented?"

"But he travelled with you from Brussels!"

"Monsieur!"

She rises from her seat and draws herself to her full stature as she utters this one word so full of pride, anger, offended modesty. The flashing eyes—the indignant gesture—the imperious tone, baffle and confuse me. I hesitate—I pause.

"Have the goodness to repeat that assertion, monsieur."

"I—that is—Monsieur Latour—did he not travel from Brussels in your company?"

"Monsieur Lemaire was so obliging, sir, as to favor me with his escort from Brussels to Paris—Monsieur Lemaire, the *impresario* of the theatre in that city. I am but very slightly acquainted with Monsieur Latour, and though I do not feel myself called upon to account for my actions to any person (more particularly to an entire stranger), yet, rather than suffer such a report to become current, I must beg leave to observe that a step such as you have just named, a step so unusual, so equivocal, so open to observation and censure, would be utterly opposed to my principles, my inclinations, and the strictly reserved line of conduct to which I have adhered throughout the course of my professional life. Monsieur Lemaire, will you have the kindness to corroborate my words, and to show your passport to this—this very inquisitive and singular gentleman."

I came here with the resolution of not exchanging one syllable, if possible, with this woman, and behold, she alone had taken upon herself the entire conversation! Her looks, her words, her very gestures were all-convincing, and wrought upon me with an irresistible power. Yet how reconcile this with Vogelsang's narrative—with my brother's disappearance—with the testimony of his note, now in my possession—with the cigar-case found in the carriage?

Monsieur Lemaire drew a folded paper from his pocket-book and handed it to me with his false smile.

"Monsieur may inspect my passport if he pleases," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "but really one might almost think that we were in a court of justice, or, at the least, passing through a frontier town?"

Yes. Here is the passport, and perfectly correct. "*Monsieur Alphonse Lemaire. French subject. Tall; eyes blue; nose short; hair and beard, reddish yellow.*" The same from which the entry was made in the books at the prefecture of police. I have nothing to say to this. I am almost ashamed of my own suspicions, and feel my situation more than embarrassing.

Happening to look up suddenly from the paper, I see a triumphant glance pass between them, which awakens all my former doubts. At the same moment madame turns to me, and pointing towards a small velvet case lying on the mantel-piece, says even more haughtily than before—

"*My* passport lies there, sir, if you choose to look at it; and then, when your curiosity is satisfied, I trust this interview may be considered at a close. I have endured your intrusion and replied to your questions, not because I felt bound to do so through any law of politeness, but because I considered it my duty to defend my reputation against the scandalous report which you had the audacity to repeat to my very face, and which, as I cannot imagine it to have originated with yourself, I fear must have circulated to the detriment of my honor. It is now in your power to contradict that rumor, and I trust that, in common justice, you will not fail to do so. I hope, monsieur, we fully understand each other."

Had it not been for that glance which I surprised just now, I would not have looked at her passport; nay, I believe that I should even have gone so far as to apologize for all that I had said, such truth, and fire, and dignity is there in her speech and bearing. As it is, however, I only bow in silence, take the velvet case from the mantle-piece, and run my eye along the document.

"*Madame Therese Vogelsang: vocalist: Austrian subject: from Brussels.*"

I have nothing to say to this either. Everything is perfectly regular. I am defeated, but not convinced; and all that I can do now, is to bow and retire.

I am about to do this—I have even begun to refold the paper, when a sudden thought flashes through me like a revelation, and taking the other passport from where I had laid it upon the table, I compare them together.

"*Seen at Quievrain, for Paris, Oct. 17th*, 18—.
"*Chef de Bureau,* E. LECROIX."

"*Seen at Quievrain, for Paris, Oct. 18th*, 18—.
"*Chef de Bureau,* E. LECROIX."

This discovery smites upon my heart like a death-blow—I feel myself grow pale, and the papers flutter in my hand as I hold them up before his face, and striking upon the two sentences with my finger, exclaim hoarsely—

"See sir, will you explain this? How could you have travelled with madame and yet pass the frontier a day later?"

Ha! blanched cheek, and downcast eye, and quivering lip—what does that mean? Is the man stricken dumb?

"*I* can explain it, monsieur," interposes the singer, with a glance of contempt at her silent companion and a dauntless energy upon her face, "*I* can explain it. Monsieur Lemaire, although we left Brussels at the same time, found himself compelled to return when we were about halfway to the frontier. He had forgotten an engagement which demanded his personal attendance, and he only rejoined me towards the afternoon of the second day."

"Yes, yes," stammered the manager, "that was it! *Mon Dieu*, that was it, upon my honor!"

"And may I take the liberty of inquiring, madame, where you stopped to wait for the arrival of this gentleman?"

"It *is* a liberty, sir, yet I will answer you. It was at Douai."

At Douai—and we took the railway from Quievrain! Had we but pursued the journey as we began it for a few hours more, we should have overtaken her and known the truth of this story! Well, after all, it is useless to question or irritate her farther, and I feel that, as far as evidence goes, I am powerless. Best, then, to appear satisfied—to lull suspicion—to meet craft by craft—to *prove* all before I say more.

My face expresses, perhaps, something of the deliberations and doubts that are passing through my mind, for I find them both watching me narrowly. I make a strong effort to control voice and countenance, and, after a few moments' apparent reflection, assume a look of melancholy conviction, and sigh heavily.

"Then, madame, you can tell me positively nothing respecting M. Theophile, excepting that he has been in Brussels?"

"Excepting that he *is* in Brussels. I last saw him there, and I believe him to be still resident there. How do you know that he is gone?"

I meet her searching glance, and say quietly, "A friend of mine called at his house, madame, to endeavor to procure from him some money which I had lent to him not long since. They told my friend that he was gone nobody knew whither; but it was supposed (you will excuse me for repeating it) it was supposed that he had accompanied you to Paris."

It is now her turn to suspect, to interrogate me. How stern and piercing is the steady prolonged gaze of those dilating eyes!

"Then you have lent money to M. Latour?" she says inquiringly.

I bow without speaking.

"How did you know my address."

"I applied for it at the prefecture of police."

"And why did you ask for Monsieur Lemaire when it was Monsieur Latour whom you wished to see?"

"The entry stated that you were accompanied by Monsieur Lemaire. The description of his person tallied sufficiently with that of my—my debtor. I thought it possible that he might have assumed an incognito while travelling—especially if he is deeply in debt to others as he is to me, and seeks to escape his creditors."

This explanation, and the manner in which I give it, seems to satisfy her. She draws a long breath, and, for the first time since she rose from it in anger, sinks back into her chair.

"It appears to me, sir," she says, with her fascinating smile, "that we have misunderstood each other from beginning to end of this conversation. Had you told me at first that you were Monsieur Latour's creditor, and confided to me the motive of your visit, we need not have wasted so much time in useless discussion. I really regret that I can be of no service to you, and I hope that you may recover your money. I would advise you to send your letters to Brussels without delay, for if he were absent he has doubtless returned before this. I wish you a good-morning. Laurent, attend this gentleman to the door."

Thus saying, she inclines her head graciously, and resumes the newspaper. Lemaire stands scowling after me near the conservatory door, and I follow the servant back through the library and hall, across the garden and out into the road.

"What news?" cries Vogelsang, eagerly, as I rejoin him in the Champs Elysees. "What news?"

And so I tell him all that has passed, word for word, as I have told it here, and when I conclude, I ask him what he thinks of it.

But he shakes his head, and looking downward with a troubled face, says—

"I don't know. Don't ask me. I don't know what to think—I don't know what to think!"

Then, silent and gloomy both, we walk on side by side till we reach the great post-office in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, a long way from the Champs Elysees. Here I find one letter awaiting me, and the bold careless superscription tells me that it is from Norman Seabrook. It is brief enough—scarce half a page in length—and I read it almost at a glance:

"Oct. 20th, 18—

"I have only bad news for you, my dear friend. Hauteville is sold. The purchase-money was all paid in on the evening of the 15th, and we have every reason for believing that your brother has the entire sum in his possession. We know, of course, how and upon whom it will be spent! I have this from Monsieur Pascal, his lawyer. The amount was 500,000 francs. Madame L. bears it better than one could expect. I have no time for more at present, but will write again to-morrow.

"Yours ever, N. S."

"Read this," I cry, thrusting the letter into Vogelsang's hand. "Read this! My God! what is to be done? What has become of him? My dear, dear brother!

Vogelsang reads it, and grows paler as he reads. Coming to the end, he crushes it in his hand and looks gloomily into my face.

"Foul play!" he says, in a low, deep voice. "Foul play somewhere! We must fathom this abyss—there is crime at the bottom of it, and my vengeance will be deeper yet—and sweeter!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue; a heart full of grace is better than a head full of notions; a man may be a great scholar, and yet be a great sinner.

A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

BY THOMAS W. PARSONS.

September strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color:
The world is brighter than before—
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather.
Ah, me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this
The time when friends are flying;
And lovers now, with many a kiss,
Their long farewells are sighing.
Why is earth so gayly dress?
This pomp that autumn beareth
A funeral seems, where every guest
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
On some blue morn hereafter,
Return to view the gaudy year,
But not with boyish laughter:
We shall then be wrinkled men,
Our brows with silver laden,
And thou this glen mayst seek again,
But nevermore a maiden!

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring
Will touch her teeming bosom,
And that a few brief months will bring
The bird, the bee, the blossom;
Ah! these forests do not know—
Or would less brightly wither—
The virgin that adorns them so
Will never more come hither!

Wit and Humor.

DISPOSING OF OLD STOCK.

A pedlar of tin-ware, who had been travelling from plantation to plantation, in one of the Southern States, with his cargo of "notions," found but a limited sale for his lanterns, an article of which he had a large stock. In despair of getting rid of them at what he called a very reduced price, yet he found purchasers as scarce as clover in the sand-hills. At length a tavern-keeper directed him to a farmer, who, he said, was very much in want of the article. To the house of this ready customer went Jonathan, determined to get his trouble's worth out of him. The first person he met was the overseer, who was lounging by the side of the road.

"You don't want to buy a good lantern, do you?" asked Jonathan.

"Yes, though I reckon I do," returned the overseer, "how much mought you ask for one?"

"Only thirty-seven and a half cents."

"Wall, 'spose you give me one."

The pedlar accordingly gave him a lantern, and receiving his money proceeded onwards.

"You don't want to buy a first rate lantern, do you?" said he to the overseer's wife, who was washing clothes at the spring.

"Yes," was the reply; "Mr. B—— has been wanting one this long while."

Jonathan accordingly served her out one at the same price he had bargained with the husband for. At the barn, before he reached the farm-house, he met the son of the planter.

"You don't want to buy no lanterns, do you?"

"I don't want one myself," replied the young man, "but I'll take one for father, who has been after one this long while."

Jonathan accordingly pocketed thirty-seven and a half more, and became one lantern lighter.

He now advanced slowly up to the house, and meeting the old lady at the door, immediately put the question to her:

"You don't want to buy no first rate lanterns, do you?"

"Indeed but I do," said the old lady; "my husband has been wanting one this six months past, and I'm glad you've come."

Jonathan accordingly deposited a lantern with her, and received in return another thirty-seven and a half cents.

He now departed, almost satisfied with the spec he had made. At some distance from the house, in a field by the side of the road, he espied the old gentleman himself, and hailed him with the old question.

"You don't want to buy no first rate lanterns, do you?"

"He much do you ask apiece?" inquired the planter.

"Fifty cents," replied the tin pedlar, "and I guess that is cheap enough, considerin' they've come all the way from Connecticut."

"Well I'll take one," said the old gentleman, putting his hand in his pocket.

"Hadn't you better take half a dozen?" asked Jonathan; "there's no knowing when a tin merchant may pass this way again. If you'll take a half dozen I'll let you have them at thirty-seven and a half cents apiece." The planter took him at his word—and the pedlar took to his route, after having disposed of ten lanterns.

THE WONDERFUL LEG.—Wedgwood had a cork leg, a wonderful imitation of the leg he had lost. It is told of him that on one occasion, when discussing the effects of boiling water on the nervous system, he laid a bet with one of his guests that he would hold his leg longer in boiling water than any man in the kingdom. Tubs were produced, watches were drawn out, stockings pulled off, and legs dipped in. Wedgwood quietly set his cork leg firmly into the smoking tubful. His guest followed his example. Wedgwood did not wince; his guest howled and wriggled, and his leg grew redder. The potter looked on with a smile, amazing the company with his calm composure. At last the scalded leg was drawn out in agony, and Wedgwood remained master of the match. Five minutes, ten, a quarter of an hour, and still Mr. Wedgwood smiled and looked composed. "Feel it, pinch it, do what you will with it," quoth he; "it's the best leg I have, though only of cork."—*Titan.*

☞ "Have you read my last oration?" asked Everett of Professor ——.

"I hope so," was the reply.—*Boston Paper.*

BUYING A NEW STOVE.—A good one is told of a newly-married couple who started housekeeping a short time since, which we think, so long as we do not tell the name of the parties, will bear "telling again." Among other articles of household furniture purchased by the new housekeepers, the most necessary of course, was a new cooking stove. It was procured at one of our first-class establishments, and if we may believe the gentlemanly clerk who officiated on the occasion, it was warranted to be one of the most complete articles of the kind ever invented. Home was the new stove sent, and properly put up by an employee of the establishment. After getting everything necessary to enter on the duties of housekeeping, the attention of the couple was first directed to a trial of the new article. A fire was accordingly started by the mistress of the house the morning following her entry on her responsible duties, when greatly to her surprise, and not a little to the chagrin of her "liege lord," the flames became extinguished and the room filled with smoke. What could be the reason that the stove did not draw neither could divine, and after looking in the stove, around the stove, and up the chimney, "and being put to their wits" and to ascertain where the difficulty existed, it was mutually agreed that they had been "sold" and completely taken in by the stove dealer.

With indignation flashing in his eyes, the purchaser forthwith started for the stove-keeper's establishment, where he related the inability of himself and wife to use the stove, and demanded that his money should be immediately refunded him. Greatly astonished at what he heard, the dealer called in the person who was employed to put up the stove, who assured him, in answer to his interrogation, that he had left the stove in a tip top order, and that unless the chimney was stuffed up, there was no reason under the sun why it should not perform all the offices for which it was constructed. The purchaser was thereupon assured by the dealer that he would not only stand up to his agreement to refund the price of the stove in case it did not suit, but he would go further and give him the stove *gratis* in case it was in the condition represented by the former. The dealer proposed to send one of his men to examine the "provoking article" to which the purchaser readily assented, (how could he do otherwise, after the very liberal offer of the former!) while his eyes glistened with satisfaction at the prospect of having a new stove to sell for old iron. Starting for home, in company with the man sent by the dealer, it was not long before they reached the scene of the trouble. The difficulty was easily remedied—a fire was made in the stove, and it was not long before everything was in readiness for cooking either a sirloin steak or small sized pig, greatly to the consternation of the happy pair. When the man sent to examine the stove had returned to the establishment, the dealer made inquiry as to the condition in which he found the afore-mentioned article. The answer, which set the establishment in a roar—we give as it was uttered, was:—"Why," says he, "what do you think? The darned fools *had made a fire in the oven of the stove!*"

OVERDOING TOO MUCH.—A green, good-natured, money-making up-country fellow, who said everything drily, "got things fixed," and struck up a bargain for matrimony. Having no particular regard for appearances, the parties agreed to employ a not over-wise country justice to put on the tackling. He commenced the ceremonies by remarking that "it was customary on such occasions to commence with a prayer, but he believed he would omit that." After tying the knot, he said "it was customary to give the married couple some advice, but he believed he would omit that. It was customary, too, to kiss the bride, but he believed he would omit that also." The ceremony being ended, the bridegroom took the justice by the button-hole, and clapping his finger on his nose, said: "Squire, it's customary to give the magistrate five dollars—*but I b'lieve I'll omit that!*"

ON CALLS.—An original letter from the Rev. Rowland Hill, to a dissenting minister on "calls:"—"My Dear Friend,—I suppose you are still at ——, but moveable, as it is *called*, and still waiting for a *call* elsewhere. Now, if you can *call* on me, if you have a *call* to *call* you to town, I could tell you of a *call*; but if you have no *call* to *call* you to town, as in a few days I have a *call* to go to Clapham, I may make that my road and *call* on you. The *call* is to ——. Mr. —— is *called* away, and the people there are *calling* to me for help; and I dare say you never met with so many *calls* in one letter. I will finish all my *calls* by *calling* myself your sincere friend and brother, Rowland Hill.—P. S.—I write to prevent you from accepting any other '*call*' till you have heard more of this '*call*.' R. H.'

REPARTEE.—"I once heard Lord Broadlands, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice Mellow, of convivial memory, if there was any truth in that old saying, 'As sober as a judge?' It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. 'It is perfectly true,' replied the judge, 'as most of those old saws are. They are characteristic, at least; for sobriety is the attribute of a judge, as inebriety is of a nobleman. Thus we say, "As sober as a judge," and "*As drunk as a lord!*" Mellow was the readiest man I ever knew; he went on to say—I know there are men too fond of the *bar* to *sit* on the *bench*, and that there are peers who richly deserve a *drop*. The first are unworthy of elevation; the last seldom get what is their due.'"—*Dublin University Magazine.*

☞ A traveller says that if he were asked to describe the first sensations of a camel-ride, he would say: "Take a music-stool, and having wound it up as high as it will go, put it in a cart without springs, get on top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel."

☞ A STARTLING JOKE.—A cork leg.

☞ Every man of eminence, it is said, has tried his hand at poetry, except, as it is said, William Pitt.—*Lord J. Russell.*

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DRAWN TO THE LOADSTONE ROCK.

In such risings of fire and risings of sea—the firm earth shaken by the rushes of an angry ocean which had now no ebb but was always on the flow, higher and higher, to the terror and wonder of the beholders on the shore—three years of tempest were consumed. Three more birthdays of little Lucie had been woven by the golden thread into the peaceful tissue of the life of her home.

Many a night and many a day had its inmates listened to the echoes in the corner, with hearts that failed them when they heard the thronging feet. For, the footsteps had become to their minds as the footsteps of a people, tumultuous under a red flag and with their country declared in danger, changed into wild beasts, by terrible enchantment long persisted in.

Monseigneur, as a class, had dissociated himself from the phenomenon of his not being appreciated: of his being so little wanted in France, as to incur considerable danger of receiving his dismissal from it, and this life together. Like the fabled rustic who raised the Devil with infinite pains, and was so terrified at the sight of him that he could ask the Enemy no question, but immediately fled; so, Monseigneur, after boldly reading the Lord's Prayer backwards for a great number of years, and performing many other potent spells for compelling the Evil One, no sooner beheld him in his terrors than he took to his noble heels.

The shining Bull's Eye of the Court was gone, or it would have been the mark for a hurricane of national bullets. It had never been a good eye to see with—had long had the mote in it of Lucifer's pride, Sardanapalus's luxury, and a mole's blindness—but it had dropped out and was gone. The Court, from that exclusive inner circle to its outermost rotten ring of intrigue, corruption and dissimulation, was all gone together. Royalty was gone; had been besieged in its Palace and "suspended," when the last tidings came over.

The August of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two was come, and Monseigneur was by this time scattered far and wide.

As was natural, the head-quarters and great gathering-place of Monseigneur, in London, was Tellson's Bank. Spirits are supposed to haunt the places where their bodies most resorted, and Monseigneur, without a guinea, haunted the spot where his guineas used to be. Moreover, it was the spot to which such French intelligence as was most to be relied upon, came quickest. Again: Tellson's was a munificent house, and extended great liberality to old customers who had fallen from their high estate. Again: those nobles who had seen the coming storm in time, and, anticipating plunder or confiscation, had made provident remittances to Tellson's, were always to be heard of there by their needy brethren. To which it must be added that every new comer from France reported himself and his tidings at Tellson's, almost as a matter of course. For such variety of reasons, Tellson's was at that time, as to French intelligence, a kind of High Exchange; and this was so well known to the public, and the inquiries made there were in consequence so numerous, that Tellson's sometimes wrote the latest news out in a line or so and posted it in the Bank windows, for all who ran through Temple Bar to read.

On a steaming, misty afternoon, Mr. Lorry sat at his desk, and Charles Darnay stood leaning on it, talking with him in a low voice. The penitential den once set apart for interviews with the House, was now the news-Exchange, and was filled to overflowing. It was within half an hour or so of the time of closing.

"But, although you are the youngest man that ever lived," said Charles Darnay, rather hesitating, "I must still suggest to you——"

"I understand. That I am too old?" said Mr. Lorry.

"Unsettled weather, a long journey, uncertain means of travelling, a disorganized country, a city that may not even be safe for you."

"My dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, with cheerful confidence, "you touch some of the reasons for my going: not for my staying away. It is safe enough for me; nobody will care to interfere with an old fellow of hard upon four-score, when there are so many people there much better worth interfering with. As to its being a disorganized city, if it were not a disorganized city, there would be no occasion to send somebody from our House here to our House there, who knows the city and the business, of old, and is in Tellson's confidence. As to the uncertain travelling, the long journey, and the winter weather, if I were not prepared to submit myself to a few inconveniences for the sake of Tellson's, after all these years, who ought to be?"

"I wish I were going myself," said Charles Darnay, somewhat restlessly, and like one thinking aloud.

"Indeed! You are a pretty fellow, to object and advise!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry. "You wish you were going yourself? And you a Frenchman born? You are a wise counsellor."

"My dear Mr. Lorry, it is because I am a Frenchman born, that the thought (which I did not mean to utter here, however,) has passed through my mind often. One cannot help thinking, having had some sympathy for the miserable people, and having abandoned something to them," he spoke here in his former thoughtful manner, "that one might be listened to, and might have the power to persuade to some restraint. Only last night, after you had left us, when I was talking to Lucie——"

"When you were talking to Lucie," Mr. Lorry repeated. "Yes. I wonder you are not ashamed to mention the name of Lucie! Wishing you were going to France at this time of day!"

"However, I am not going," said Charles Darnay, with a smile. "It is more to the purpose that you say you are."

"And I am, in plain reality. The truth is, my dear Charles," Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant House, and lowered his voice, "you can have no conception of the difficulty with which our business is transacted, and of the peril in which our books and papers over yonder are involved. The Lord above knows what the compromising consequences would be to numbers of people, if some of our documents were seized or destroyed; and they might be, at any time, you know, for who can say that Paris is not set afire to-day, or sacked to-morrow! Now, judicious selection from these with the least possible delay, and the burying of them, or otherwise getting of them out of harm's way, if within the power (without loss of precious time of scarcely any one but myself, if any one. And shall I hang back, when Tellson's knows this and says this—Tellson's, whose bread I have eaten these sixty years—because I am a little stiff about the joints? Why, I am a boy, sir, to half a dozen old codgers here!"

"How I admire the gallantry of your youthful spirit, Mr. Lorry."

"Tut! Nonsense, sir! And, my dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, glancing at the House again, "you are to remember, that getting things out of Paris at this present time, no matter what things, is next to an impossibility. Papers and precious matters were this very day brought to us here (I speak in strict confidence; it is not business-like to whisper it, even to you,) by the strangest bearers you can imagine, every one of whom had his head hanging on by a single hair, as he passed the Barriers. At another time, our parcels would come and go, as easily as in business-like Old England; but now, everything is stopped."

"And do you really go to-night?"

"I really go to-night, for the case has become too pressing to admit of delay."

"And do you take no one with you?"

"All sorts of people have been proposed to me, but I will have nothing to say to any of them. I intend to take Jerry. Jerry has been my body-guard on Sunday nights for a long time past, and I am used to him. Nobody will suspect Jerry of being anything but an English bulldog, or of having any design in his head but to fly at anybody who touches his master."

"I must say again that I heartily admire your gallantry and youthfulness."

"I must say again, nonsense, nonsense! When I have executed this little commission, I shall, perhaps, accept Tellson's proposal to retire and live at my ease. Time enough, then, to think about growing old."

This dialogue had taken place at Mr. Lorry's usual desk, with Monseigneur swarming within a yard or two of it, boastful of what he would do to avenge himself on the rascal-people before long. It was too much the way of Monseigneur under his reverses as a refugee, and it was much too much the way of native British orthodoxy, to talk of this terrible Revolution as if it were the one only harvest ever known under the skies that had not been sown—as if nothing had ever been done, or omitted to be done, that had led to it—as if observers of the wretched millions in France, and of the misused and perverted resources that should have made them prosperous, had not seen it inevitably coming, years before, and had not in plain words recorded what they saw. Such vaporing, combined with the extravagant plots of Monseigneur for the restoration of a state of things that had utterly exhausted itself, and worn out Heaven and earth as well as itself, was hard to be endured without some remonstrance by any sane man who knew the truth. And it was such vaporing all about his ears, like a troublesome confusion of blood in his own head, added to a latent uneasiness in his mind, which had already made Charles Darnay restless, and which still kept him so.

Among the talkers, was Stryver, of the King's Bench Bar, far on his way to state promotion, and, therefore, loud on the theme: broaching to Monseigneur, his devices for blowing the people up and exterminating them from the face of the earth, and doing without them: and for accomplishing many similar objects akin in their nature to the abolition of eagles by sprinkling salt on the tails of the race. Him, Darnay heard with a particular feeling of objection; and Darnay stood divided between going away that he might hear no more, and remaining to interpose his word, when the thing that was to be, went on to shape itself out.

The House approached Mr. Lorry, and laying a soiled and unopened letter before him, asked if he had yet discovered any traces of the person to whom it was addressed? The House laid the letter down so close to Darnay that he saw the direction—the more quickly, because it was his own right name. The address, turned into English, ran: "Very pressing. To Monsieur heretofore the Marquis St. Evremond, of France, Confided to the cares of Messrs. Tellson & Co., Bankers, London, England."

On the marriage morning, Doctor Manette had made it his one urgent and express request to Charles Darnay, that the secret of this name should be—unless he, the Doctor, dissolved the obligation—kept inviolate between them. Nobody else knew it to be his name; his own wife had no suspicion of the fact; Mr. Lorry could have none.

"No," said Mr. Lorry, in reply to the House; "I have referred it, I think, to everybody now here, and no one can tell me where this gentleman is to be found."

The hands of the clock verging upon the hour of closing the Bank, there was a general set of the current of talkers past Mr. Lorry's desk. He held the letter out inquiringly, and Monseigneur looked at it, in the person of this plotting and indignant refugee; and Monseigneur looked at it, in the person of that plotting and indignant refugee; and This, That and the Other, all had something disparaging to say, in French or in English, concerning the Marquis who was not to be found.

"Nephew, I believe—but in any case degenerate successor—of the polished Marquis who was murdered," said one. "Happy to say, I never knew him."

"A craven who abandoned his post," said another—this Monseigneur had been got out

of Paris, legs uppermost and half suffocated in a load of hay—some years ago."

"Infected with the new doctrines," said a third, eyeing the direction through his glass in passing; "set himself in opposition to the last Marquis, abandoned the estates when he inherited them, and left them to the ruffian herd. They will recompense him now, I hope, as he deserves."

"Hey?" cried the blatant Stryver. "Did he though? Is that the sort of fellow? Let us look at his infamous name? D—n the fellow!"

Darnay, unable to restrain himself any longer, touched Mr. Stryver on the shoulder, and said:

"I know the fellow."

"Do you, by Jupiter?" said Stryver. "I am sorry for it."

"Why?"

"Why, Mr. Darnay? D'ye hear what he did? Don't ask why, in these times?"

"But I do ask why!"

"Then I tell you again, Mr. Darnay, I am sorry for it. I am sorry to hear you putting any such extraordinary questions. Here is a fellow who, infected by the most pestilent and blasphemous code of devilry that ever was known, abandoned his property to the vilest scum of the earth that ever did murder by wholesale, and you ask me why I am sorry that a man who instructs youth knows him? Well, but I'll answer you. I am sorry, because I believe there is contamination in such a scoundrel. That's why."

Mindful of the secret, Darnay with great difficulty checked himself, and said:

"You may not understand the gentleman."

"I understand how to put *you* in a corner, Mr. Darnay," said Bully Stryver, "and I'll do it. If this fellow is a gentleman, I *don't* understand him. You may tell him so, with my compliments. You may also tell him, from me, that after abandoning his worldly goods and position to this butcherly mob, I wonder he is not at the head of them. But, no, gentlemen," said Stryver, looking all round, and snapping his fingers, "I know something of human nature, and I tell you that you'll never find a fellow like this fellow, trusting himself to the mercies of such precious *proteges*. No, gentlemen; he'll always show 'em a clean pair of heels very early in the scuffle, and sneak away."

With those words, and a final snap of his fingers, Mr. Stryver shouldered himself into Fleet street, amidst the general approbation of his hearers. Mr. Lorry and Charles Darnay were left alone at the desk, in the general departure from the Bank.

"Will you take charge of the letter?" said Mr. Lorry. "You know where to deliver it?"

"I do."

"Will you undertake to explain that we suppose it to have been addressed here, on the chance of our knowing where to forward it, and that it has been here some time?"

"I will do so. Do you start for Paris from here?"

"From here, at eight."

"I will come back, to see you off."

Very ill at ease with himself, and with Stryver and most other men, Darnay made the best of his way into the quiet of the Temple, opened the letter, and read it. These were its contents:

"Prison of the Abbaye, Paris.

"June 21, 1792.

"MONSIEUR HERETOFORE THE MARQUIS.

"After having long been in danger of my life at the hands of the village, I have been seized, with great violence and indignity, and brought a long journey on foot to Paris. On the road I have suffered a great deal. Nor is that all; my house has been destroyed—razed to the ground.

"The crime for which I am imprisoned, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, and for which I shall be summoned before the tribunal, and shall lose my life (without your so generous help), is, they tell me, treason against the majesty of the people, in that I have acted against them for an emigrant. It is in vain I represent that I have acted for them, and not against, according to your commands. It is in vain I represent that, before the sequestration of emigrant property, I had remitted the imposts they had ceased to pay; that I had collected no rent; that I had had recourse to no process. The only response is, that I have acted for an emigrant, and where is that emigrant?"

"Ah! most gracious Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, where is that emigrant! I cry in my sleep, where is he! I demand of Heaven, will He not come to deliver me! No answer. Ah Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I send my desolate cry across the sea, hoping it may perhaps reach your ears through the great bank of Tilson known at Paris!

"For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honor of your noble name, I supplicate you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, to succour and release me. My fault is, that I have been true to you. Oh, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I pray you be true to me!

"From this prison here of horror, whence I every hour tend nearer and nearer to destruction, I send you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, the assurance of my dolorous and unhappy service. Your afflicted,

"GABELLE."

The latent uneasiness in Darnay's mind was roused to vigorous life by this letter. The peril of an old servant and a good one, whose only crime was fidelity to himself and his family, stared him so reproachfully in the face, that, as he walked to and fro in the Temple considering what to do, he almost hid his face from the passers-by.

He knew very well, that in his horror of the deed which had culminated the bad deeds and bad reputation of the old family house, in his resentful suspicions of his uncle, and in the aversion with which his conscience regarded the crumbling fabric that he was supposed to uphold, he had acted imperfectly. He knew very well, that in his love for Lucie, his renunciation of his social place, though by no means new to his own mind, had been hurried and incomplete. He knew that he ought to have systematically worked it out and supervised it, and that he had meant to do it, and that it had never been done.

The happiness of his own chosen English home, the necessity of being always actively employed, the swift changes and troubles of the time which had followed on one another so fast, that the events of this week annihilated the immature plans of last week, and the events of the week following made all new again; he knew very well, that to the force of these circumstances he had yielded:—not without disquiet, but still without continuous and accumulating resistance. That he had watched the times for a time of action, and that they had shifted and struggled until the time had gone by, and the nobility were trooping from France by every highway and by-way, and their property was in course of confiscation and destruction, and their very names were blotting out, was as well known to himself as it could be to any new authority in France that might impeach him for it.

But, he had oppressed no man, he had imprisoned no man; he was so far from having harshly exacted payment of his dues, that he had relinquished them of his own will, thrown himself on a world with no favor in it, won his own private place there, and earned his own bread. Monsieur Gabelle had held the impoverished and involved estate on written instructions to spare the people, to give them what little there was to give—such fuel as the heavy creditors would let them have in the winter, and such produce as could be saved from the same grip in the summer—and no doubt he had put the fact in plea and proof, for his own safety, so that it could not but appear now.

This favored the desperate resolution Charles Darnay had begun to make, that he would go to Paris.

Yes. Like the mariner in the old story, the winds and streams had driven him within the influence of the Loadstone Rock, and it was drawing him to itself, and he must go. Everything that arose before his mind drifted him on, faster and faster, more and more steady, to the terrible attraction. His latent uneasiness had been, that bad aims were being worked out in his own unhappy land by bad instruments, and that he who could not fail to know that he was better than they, was not there, trying to do something to stay bloodshed, and assert the claims of mercy and humanity. With this uneasiness half stifled, and half reproaching him, he had been brought to the pointed comparison of himself with the brave old gentleman in whom duty was so strong; upon that comparison (injurious to himself,) had instantly followed the sneers of Monseigneur, which had stung him bitterly, and those of Stryver, which above all were coarse and galling, for old reasons. Upon those, had followed Gabelle's letter; the appeal of an innocent prisoner, in danger of death, to his justice, honor, and good name.

His resolution was made. He must go to Paris.

Yes. The Loadstone Rock was drawing him, and he must sail on, until he struck. He knew of no rock; he saw hardly any danger. The intention with which he had done what he had done, even although he had left it incomplete, presented it before him in an aspect that would be gratefully acknowledged in France on his presenting himself to assert it. Then, that glorious vision of doing good, which is so often the sanguine mirage of so many good minds, arose before him, and he even saw himself in the illusion with some influence to guide this raging Revolution that was running so fearfully wild.

As he walked to and fro with his resolution made, he considered that neither Lucie nor her father must know of it until he was gone. Lucie should be spared the pain of separation; and her father, always reluctant to turn his thoughts towards the dangerous ground of old, should come to the knowledge of the step, as a step taken, and not in the balance of suspense and doubt. How much of the incompleteness of his situation was referable to her father, through the painful anxiety to avoid reviving old associations of France in his mind, he did not discuss with himself. But, that circumstance too, had had its influence in his course.

He walked to and fro, with thoughts very busy, until it was time to return to Telison's, and take leave of Mr. Lorry. As soon as he arrived in Paris he would present himself to this old friend, but he must say nothing of his intention now.

A carriage with post-horses was ready at the Bank door, and Jerry was booted and equipped.

"I have delivered that letter," said Charles Darnay to Mr. Lorry. "I would not consent to your being charged with any written answer, but perhaps you will take a verbal one?"

"That I will, and readily," said Mr. Lorry, "if it is not dangerous."

"Not at all. Though it is to a prisoner in the Abbaye."

"What is his name?" said Mr. Lorry, with his open pocket-book in his hand.

"Gabelle."

"Gabelle. And what is the message to the unfortunate Gabelle in prison?"

"Simply, 'that he has received the letter, and will come.'"

"Any time mentioned?"

"He will start upon his journey to-morrow night."

"Any person mentioned?"

"No."

He helped Mr. Lorry to wrap himself in a number of coats and cloaks, and went out with him from the warm atmosphere of the old bank, in the misty air of Fleet Street.

"My love to Lucie, and to Little Lucie," said Mr. Lorry at parting, and take precious care of them till I come back."

Charles Darnay shook his head and doubtfully smiled, as the carriage rolled away.

That night—it was the fourteenth of August—he sat up late, and wrote two fervent letters; one was to Lucie, explaining the strong obligation he was under to go to Paris, and showing her, at length, the reasons that he had, for feeling confident that he could become involved in no personal danger there; the other was to the Doctor, confiding Lucie and their dear child to his care, and dwelling on the same topics with the strongest assurances. To both, he wrote that he would despatch letters in proof of his safety, immediately after his arrival.

It was a hard day, that day of being among them, with the first reservation of their joint lives on his mind. It was a hard matter to preserve the innocent deceit of which they were profoundly unsuspicious. But an affectionate glance at his wife, so happy and busy, made him resolute not to tell her what impended (he had been half moved to do it, so strange it was to him to act in anything without her quiet aid), and the day passed quickly. Early in the evening he embraced her, and her scarcely less dear namesake, pretending that he would return by-and-by (an imaginary engagement took him out, and he had secreted a valise of clothes ready), and so he emerged into the heavy mist of the heavy streets, with a heavier heart.

The unseen force was drawing him fast to itself, now, and all the tides and winds were setting straight and strong towards it. He left his two letters with a trusty porter, to be delivered half an hour before midnight, and no sooner; took horse for Dover; and began his journey. "For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honor of your noble name!" was the poor prisoner's cry with which he strengthened his sinking heart, as he left all that was dear on earth behind him, and floated away for the Loadstone Rock.

[*The End of the Second Book.*]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW YORK STATE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The Fernando Wood portion of the "Hards," organized the Convention before the time. They had Heenan and a number of other fighters from New York, to sustain them. The "Softs" then organized in the same Hall. Thomas G. Alvord, ex-Speaker of the Assembly, acting as chairman of the "Wood" Convention, and John Stryker of the Regency.

Mr. Stryker, the "Hard" Chairman, was pushed off the platform, and considerably hurt.

A scene of great excitement prevailed, The "Soft" Convention finally adjourned, leaving the "Hards" in possession of the Hall.

The "Hards" finally adjourned, when Mr. Stryker again took the Chair, and organized the Convention.

Hon. D. S. Dickinson, "Hard," was admitted to the floor of the "Soft" Convention, and made an eloquent speech, creating immense enthusiasm. There were only five absentees from the Convention, the most of the "Hards" abandoning the Wood Convention. The same ticket was nominated by both Conventions, with the exception of Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

The resolutions strongly affirm the rights of American citizens, native or adopted, all over the world, and the duty of the Government to protect them, and declare that Congress has no power to legislate slavery into the Territories, or to enact a slave code for the Territories, or to prohibit the South from a just share in the benefits of a Territory. They also endorse the course of the National Administration.

The Convention unanimously instructed the delegates to be chosen to represent the State at the Charleston Convention to act and vote as a unit.

Augustus Schell, Dean Richmond, Isaac V. Fowler, and Delos De Wolf were chosen delegates at large to the Charleston Convention, with John J. Taylor, D. T. Tieman, Schuyler Crippen, and A. G. Danby as alternates.

MASSACHUSETTS.—In the Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts, Gen. Rutter, of Lowell, was nominated by acclamation for Governor. George B. Loring (Douglas Democrat) was elected permanent President, receiving 900 votes out of 1,300. Resolutions in favor of the nomination of Douglas for President were laid on the table.

The following nominations were also made: Secretary of State—Samuel W. Bowen Adams. Treasurer—George Demarest. Auditor—Jas. E. Easterbrook, of Worcester. Attorney General—D. H. Mason, of Dedham.

Caleb Cushing, Isaac Davis, Oliver Stevens, and Jas. S. Whitney were chosen Delegates to the Charleston Convention. It is said that the last two favor the claims of Senator Douglas for the Presidency.

The resolutions adopted recognize the principle of popular sovereignty, though endorsing the present Administration.

FAWKES'S Steam Plough did not succeed as well at the exhibition in Illinois as it did in Philadelphia. In consequence of the breaking of the spuds which catch in the ground to prevent slipping, the machine did not perform its work as expected, and the trial was postponed. He is to have his plough practically tested at three different points on the line of the railroad. If successful there, he will receive $4,500, one-third of which is the railroad company's premiums. An Ohio machinist was, however, so well pleased with it that he has ordered a small one to use on a farm of 300 acres. The machine will plough from twenty-five to forty acres per day, and what would cost $2,50 per acre, for breaking the ground, can be done by Fawkes's plough for 61 1-2 cts.

A LADY INJURED.—Miss Sarah A. Peterson, of Xenia, the young lady who obtained the second prize—a gold watch and chain—for her equestrian performance at the fair ground, on Tuesday, fell from her horse just after the trial, the supporting-horn of her saddle having suddenly broken off. In her fall her head and shoulders struck the ground, badly bruising her face, and straining the muscles and ligaments of her shoulder and neck. She was severely, though not dangerously, injured. Dr. Leaman, who was at hand, rendered professional aid to the lady, and she was taken home on the evening train. She will probably be unable to be about for some days.—*Dayton Ohio Empire.*

GRAIN STACKS IN WISCONSIN.—Threshing machines have work to do in the Rock River region, of Illinois and Wisconsin. Between Beloit and Janesville, 12 miles, a few days ago there were 738 stacks of grain within sight of the prairie road. And a considerable portion of the grain along the route had been threshed when the count was taken. Fourteen hundred and ninety-four stacks can be seen from the top of Brockway College at Ripon, Wisconsin, with a telescope. The Star states that there are 3,000 stacks in a square of ten miles, with Ripon for the centre. Farmers estimate a stack at from 100 to 300 bushels, making full one million bushels of grain in the ten miles square.

GAS.—We learn from the American Gas Light Journal that there are 245 Gas Light Companies in the United States, with an aggregate capital of $40,000,000. The price of gas ranges from $2,50 to $7 per thousand feet. There are but comparatively few instances, however, where the price exceeds $4, and when it is above that sum, rosin or some other expensive article is used for the generation of the gas. Mr. David Melville, of Newport, R. I., is said to have been the first person to introduce gas light into this country. In the year 1812 he lighted his residence in Newport, a factory in Pawtucket, and Beaver Tail Light House in this way.

IT is said in London that the recent article in the London Quarterly Review, demonstrating the feasibility of a French invasion of England, is from the pen of Sir Howard Douglas, the eminent military writer.

NEWS ITEMS.

SHIELDS, THE JUMPER, DROWNED.—We learn that Shields, who was advertised to jump off the bank at Niagara Falls, on Friday, was drowned this morning. He went down to the water to try it by swimming at the place he proposed to jump, and was drawn under the water by the suction of a whirlpool. His body has not been recovered. This is a premature ending of a foolish enterprise.—*Buffalo Advertiser, Tuesday.*

A BROOKLYN lady, accompanied a little beggar girl to her home and left five dollars to help to pay the funeral expenses of the child's father, whose coffin stood in the corner of the room; but coming back unawares to get her handkerchief, she found that the dead man had revived, and was scrutinizing the bill to make sure that it was a good one.

THE French journals announce the discovery of an artificial light so wonderfully luminous and steady as to be available in all photographing operations. The light being contained in a portable apparatus, portraits can be taken in private residences, at any time, or in the darkest room, wholly independent of the state of the atmosphere.

THE editor of the New Orleans Bulletin, acknowledges the receipt of a pumpkin, raised in Texas, which weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, and measured seven feet in circumference.

THE Boston Journal states that there is in the library of the Athenæum, a copy of a work entitled the "Narrative of the Life of James Allen, alias James H. York, &c., the Highwayman. Being his confessions to the Warden of the Massachusetts State Prison," which is bound in a piece of the skin of the deceased highwayman. The cover is in one piece, about ten by six inches in size, as soft as wash leather, but much whiter.

COLORED PERSONS IN LOUISIANA.—Two colored sailors have been arrested at New Orleans for coming there contrary to the new State law. They have sued out a writ of habeas corpus to test the constitutionality of the law, which, it is alleged, is in contravention and violation of the Constitution of the United States and the treaties and acts of Congress regulating commerce between foreign nations and the several States of the Union.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS GIVEN FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE POOR.—A Georgia paper says: "The late M. A. Bowder, left by his will, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars to the Glenville College and Military Institute. The interest on this large sum is to be applied to the payment of professors' salaries and the education of poor boys. This is, we believe, one of the largest bequests ever made to any one institution in the country."

THE Russian serfs are forming temperance societies on a peculiarly Russian principle. If any member proves derelict, they fall upon and beat him; thus, by striking arguments, appealing to the sensibilities of those who are not to be persuaded by less vigorous measures. These societies abound throughout the empire, and so great has proved their influence that the receipts from the excise have fallen off to no small amount.

LETTERS from Marseilles state that a very general feeling of discontent prevails among the merchants of Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and especially of the United States, at the extraordinary efforts which are being made by the British government to enlist the sailors of those nations. English agents are offering no less than £8 bounty and £3 8s. per month, for men.

THERE is said to have been lately on exhibition in Sidney, Australia, a set of horse-shoes made of native gold, weighing twenty-four ounces, and worth $500. They were made for a favorite pony in New South Wales.

THE names of the twenty-two cricketers selected by the St. George's Club, to contest the palm of superiority with the All England Eleven, are as follows: Bage, St. George; Barclay, Philadelphia; Connery, St. George; Crossley, New York; Gibbs, St. George; Hallis, Newark; Hammond, Germantown; Head, Chicago; Higham, New York; Lang, St. George; Lillywhite, St. George: Marsh, New York; Morgan, Germantown; Newhall, Germantown; Sharratt, St. George; Senior, Philadelphia; Sharp, New York; Waller, St. George; Walker, St. George; Wilby, New York; S. Wright, and H. Wright, St. George.

THE GROWTH OF TEXAS.—The vote of Texas, at the late election for Governor, was about 63,000. In 1850, when Texas came into the Union, she only polled about 8,000. The difference between then and now, shows an enormous increase in the population.

THE AURORA BOREALIS IN ENGLAND.—Early this morning, between twelve and one, a most brilliant display of the above phenomenon was observed, extending from the western hemisphere to the northwest, north and northeast, and reaching to the zenith. The appearance in the west was that of a large fire, but in the north and northeast it was of a violet color, and flashes of light of the same color darted along the heavens with great brilliancy. This beautiful display lasted for about an hour, and gradually died away, leaving a serene and unclouded autumnal sky.—*London Daily News, August 20.*

TEXAS is rapidly becoming one of the greatest sheep raising regions in the world. The start was made a few years ago by G. W. Kendall, and his success has induced others to embark largely in the undertaking. Besides the fine wool flocks established there, it is estimated that a fourth of a million of the coarse wool sheep of Mexico have crossed the line into Texas, during the present year. These Mexican sheep, crossed with Northern stock, make a valuable progeny, both for wool and mutton.

THE Equestrian Statue of Washington, designed for the circular reservation at the intersection of New Hampshire avenue, K and Twenty-third streets, Washington, is nearly completed. The main portions both of the horse and rider have been cast, and only the small details remain to be undertaken. It is pronounced a work of exceeding merit.

STEAM CARRIAGES FOR COMMON ROADS—The Newark (N. J.) Mercury, says that Mr. Fisher, of Paterson, has constructed a steam carriage, which was tried on the common road to Acquackanock, a few days ago, when it went on the level, 15 miles an hour, with 12 passengers. One mile was run in 3 minutes.

A NEWPORT letter, speaking of Hunt's Picture of Chief Justice Shaw, says it recalls the saying of Rufus Choate. "I look," said he, "on Judge Shaw very much as the South Sea Islander looks on his god—I know that he is ugly, but I believe that he is great."

MAINE.—The Republican candidate for Governor (Morrill) is elected by about ten thousand majority. The Republicans also have elected thirty out of thirty-one Senators, and nearly three-fourths of the Representatives.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN SILVER.—Hon. Joseph Morton, President of the Morgan County Agricultural Society, a few days since, tendered to the agent of the "Cashmere Shawl Goat Company," of Tennessee, for one of the pure blood Cashmere Goats, its weight in silver, which was refused. The company will not part with the pure bloods at any price. The seven-eighths blood produces the wool which commands $8 per pound in the market.

A TUNNEL.—The "big tunnel" on the Covington and Ohio Railroad, in Greenbrier county, Virginia, is 4,700 feet long, and 800 feet below the surface of the earth. It is 800 feet longer than the Blue Ridge tunnel. The width is twenty-seven feet, to accommodate a double track, and the height is 23 feet.

THE London Times, in a leader on the defensive preparations which have lately been made by England, expresses the opinion that she is now rapidly approaching a position, if, indeed, it has not actually been attained, in which no assailant can hope to attack her with impunity.

THE State Department has received information from our Minister at Berlin, Mr. Wright, that Christian Ernst, an American naturalized citizen, who had been compelled by force to enter the Hanoverian army, has, upon the remonstrance of our Government, been dismissed from service. Our Minister claims an indemnity for the wrong done Mr. Ernst.

JUDGE RUSSELL, of New York, recently delivered an interesting decision in the General Sessions, in a dog stealing case, deciding that dogs are personal property, and therefore that the stealing of them is an indictable offence. A just decision.

A NOVELTY IN FASHION.—Among the novelties recently introduced in ladies' apparel, is a new article of suspenders. They bear resemblance to those worn by gentlemen, except that they are made of delicate, white elastic fabric, with frilled edge about one inch wide, and are attached to the skirt by buttons in like manner. We doubt not this invention will be generally adopted with a view to relieve the waist of the unlimited burden, which such habiliments necessarily produce. Reason and experience teach us that the old and absurd method, while followed, impairs the health, impedes locomotion, and tends to ill health.

THE GREAT EASTERN INVITED TO NORFOLK, VA.—NORFOLK, Va., Sept. 14.—At the Merchants' Exchange to-day, a resolution was adopted appointing a committee to invite the steamer Great Eastern to visit this port. The authorities of this city, as well as those of Portsmouth, Richmond and Petersburg, will, no doubt, cooperate in this movement.

THE gipsies are becoming a serious annoyance in St. Lawrence county, N. Y. A party of them appeared in the vicinity of Ogdensburg recently, bearing marks of great poverty, but on searching their property, several thousand dollars in money were found.

IRISH REMITTANCES HOME.—It is authoritatively stated that the amount of money remitted home by Irishmen resident in America, the last year, for the purpose of assisting their friends to emigrate, was $2,360,000. The ten preceding years the amount remitted was $49,680,000.

A MOST valuable discovery of diamonds has lately been made at the foot of the Oural mountains. One consigned to Mr. R———, of Batheaston, as a specimen, brought £60,000. There is every reason to believe that a mine of inexhaustible wealth has been discovered.

DREADFUL RESULTS FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—A letter from Portsmouth, Ohio, written by a lady to her husband in this city, makes mention of an extraordinary circumstance. A short time ago a young lady was bitten by a dog. Hydrophobia manifested itself on her, and while confined by the disease she bit her sister, who was waiting on her. The sister was soon attacked by the same disease and bit the mother. All three were alive at the last accounts, but were all raving mad, and there was no prospect of their recovery.—*Louisville Journal.*

A LAWYER named Peyton, living in Gallatin county, Ky., entered the house of a Mr. Lawrence of that place, and made dishonorable proposals to Mrs. Lawrence. She answered by discharging a pistol at him, which, however, did no damage. The next day she met him in the street and again fired at him, blowing out one of his eyes. It is supposed Peyton will die. Lawrence was absent from home, and after shooting Peyton, Mrs. Lawrence went to Indiana, declaring that she would never suffer herself to be arrested.

BEAT IT, WHO CAN.—Mr. Abraham Apgar, of Tewksbury, N. J., being offered a sack of salt weighing 250 pounds if he would carry it a distance of one mile, and to rest himself only once during the whole distance, accomplished the feat, a few weeks ago, and didn't even draw a long breath at it.

THE Hon. Grantley Fitz Orden Berkeley, the British nobleman who designs spending a year on the western prairies, passed through Columbus, Ohio, en route, on Saturday. He was attended by servants—one to look after an immense quantity of baggage, and another having in charge a group of blooded dogs, the finest ever seen of either the setter, gray, or bloodhound.

LIEUT. GEN. SCOTT arrived here this morning, and in the course of the day called on the President and other officers of the government. He came on business relative to the San Juan Island dispute. He has been ordered thither, the condition of affairs in that quarter being considered such as to require the services of a man of his well known character for prudence in all his official movements, to prevent a possible collision between the United States and British forces, pending the settlement of the question by the two governments, as in the North Eastern boundary.—*Washington Letter.*

CHATHAM, New York, Sept. 15.—The frosts of last night has done its work thoroughly in this vicinity. Potatoes and all the vines are cut to the ground. The degree of cold was so great as to form a hard frost on the ground. There were snow and hail storms yesterday.

CALIFORNIA.—Horace Greeley had addressed a letter to his political friends, urging them to vote for McKibben, the Anti-Lecompton candidate for Congress, and also advocating a fusion of all the opposition parties by combining on the best candidates of each, which course, he believed, would render it practicable to carry the election, to the total defeat of the Administration Democracy.

THE fathers of two of the young ladies swindled by Leslie, alias Johnson, have published a card in the daily papers, in which they say that there were only nine victims, and not fifteen, as represented, and that none of the ladies are missing.

A DIVER has been walking across the Schuylkill river, at Fairmount, on the bottom, clad in submarine armor, and with a tube and force pump to supply him with air.

PARTIAL returns are received from the Jefferson territorial election, held on the 5th inst. Denver City and Auraria gave a majority of 933 against the State Constitution and in favor of the organization of a new territory.

OF the delegates selected by the New York State Democratic Convention to Charleston, 26 are for Dickinson, Douglas has 21, Guthrie 9, Seymour 8, Wise 4, Buchanan, 2, Hunter, Cobb, Holt and Orr, one each. The delegates are instructed to act as a unit at Charleston.

THE storm of Saturday afternoon and evening was very severe, and caused considerable damage in different parts of the country. News of many wrecks on the coast is expected. The streams are all very high along the line of the Ohio and Pennsylvania railroads. At New York a brick house, four stories high, was blown down. The Potomac river is very high.

THE WESTERN CORN CROP.—The luxuriant appearance of the growing corn throughout the West is the subject of general remark. The Cincinnati Commercial says:—"The prospects for a corn crop of full average yield throughout the region of country about which there was recently so much apprehension, have been well reassured by the genial rains of the last two weeks, and the increased amount of land planted throughout the West, will make the yield of this great staple, if present anticipations are realized, much greater than ever before gathered. We are informed, by a gentleman extensively engaged in farming in the central portion of the State, that there are farmers who will willingly contract for 3000 to 5000 bushels of corn, deliverable monthly after the crop is fully ready to be marketed, at sixty cents per bushel.

LATE advices from Washington, would seem to show that the Administration is very fearful that Gen. Harney's precipitancy will get the country into trouble before Gen. Scott can arrive on the Pacific. Gen. Scott, it is said, has full authority given him to act for the Government, and he is a great enough soldier to hate war except as a last necessity.

THE contemplated railroad from this city to the Delaware Breakwater, will probably soon be completed, as but twenty miles remain unconstructed. The advantages which our merchants will derive from the successful working of this road are very great, as it will place them in direct communication with the ocean, and obviate the delays and expenses hitherto attendant upon the employment of ice-boats, and the vexatious loss of time during the close of navigation. It will also bring their goods to their warehouses much more speedily than by ships sailing up the Delaware, as merchandize landed at the Breakwater may be brought to Philadelphia by this road in the short space of four or five hours.

NOTWITHSTANDING the storm on Saturday, the Webster statue was inaugurated at Boston on that day. Addresses appropriate to the occasion were made by Gov. Banks, Mayor Lincoln, and Prof. Felton. Hon. Edward Everett delivered the oration.

THE Fair of the United States Agricultural Society at Chicago, closed on Saturday, and pecuniarily has been a perfect success. The total receipts are put down at $40,000. Saturday was devoted to the exhibition of trotting horses. The citizens' purse of $1,000 was taken by Ike Cook, a Chicago horse: Flora Temple and Princess were not entered.

BY the arrival of the steamer De Soto at New York, from Havana, we have dates to the 13th. A royal decree had been received, granting to the Cubans a nearer approach to popular representation than they heretofore possessed.—The sugar market was very dull.

THE failure of Phillips, Sampson & Co., publishers of Boston, was not owing to the Atlantic Monthly, as that magazine, it is said, has paid all expenses, and will be still issued.

THE severe criticisms upon Macaulay, which have lately appeared in Blackwood, are attributed to Sir Archibald Alison. On the other hand, the savage article on Alison's History, in Fraser, is said to be by Macaulay. Tit for tat.

A SAD DOMESTIC STORY.

In the Palmer (Mass.) Journal of the 3d instant, in the obituary column, we find the following announcement: Died—"26, Mary, 20, wife of De Witt Clinton Packard, of Providence, R. I." We also find the following editorial paragraph, which it would seem has relation to that announcement:—

"In another column we record the death of a young lady who died of a broken heart. We do not like to trespass upon the sacredness of domestic grief, to unfold the details of her sad story, but when the privacy of affliction becomes public feeling, it is not improper for the press to place the events on record. It is not necessary to repeat names or relate minute particulars. It is enough that we draw the outlines of a picture for the reader to paint with appropriate colors. Many months ago, in the neighboring town of Belchertown, a young man sought and received the promise of the hand of a young lady, whose home was in the lap of luxury, whose mental and personal attractions made all pleasant around her. Like too many confiding ones of her sex, she trusted man's unhallowed promise, and yielded all to him.

"From that hour he estranged himself from her, and soon removed to a distant State. When it became evident that he had exposed himself to the penalty of the law, at the request of her friends he visited her to fulfil the vows he had long before made. They were married in one of those hasty, unceremonious ways which occupy but little time or attention. Late in the evening they returned to her father's house, where he left her in the street, promising to return in a short time. But that promise was never fulfilled. She wrote to him, and received encouragement that he would soon provide a home for her, but delay followed delay, till her letters and entreaties were unheeded and unanswered. At length a pledge of woman's love for her husband came into the world to open new fountains of affection to the young wife. Still the husband father came not.

"The mother recovered from the confinement, but, after repeated letters to her husband found no answer, the idea that she was deserted by him forced itself upon her, and she gave way to despondency and despair. The child, partaking of its mother's grief, soon died. There was nothing more that she could live for; and, though suffering from no disease, she sank upon a dying bed. Then the swift wing of lightning bore to the distant husband the intelligence that she was dying. He still hesitated, but at length set out to meet his expiring wife. Conscious that her hours were few, she only wished to live long enough to see her husband; he was still all to her. Her last words to her friends were: 'Tell him that I still love him—that I died for him.' When evening shadowed the earth the husband came. As he approached the bedside of his injured wife, he was recognized, and the words 'He's come' burst from her lips. Already had the wing of the death angel cast its shadow over that dwelling, and she was entering the dimness of the dark valley. Next morning in that room lay the corpse of a beautiful young wife, on which the husband had looked for the last time and departed.

"Last Sabbath afternoon, the funeral of the young wife took place under her father's roof. Her neighbors and friends, to the number of five hundred, were present; but the husband who had left her to die for him, was not there. A deeply affecting address was made by her former pastor, and, just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, four young ladies of her acquaintance, clad in garments of white, bore her to a grave in the garden, where the green turf was laid gently over her. Such is the story of one who died of a broken heart. The grave is a quiet place for the injured wife, but where in all the world can there be peace for him who would thus bring sorrow and death upon her? The story has its moral, but we will leave the reader to apply it; it is full of warning, and we leave the young to heed it."

LIFE AND HISTORY OF FLORA TEMPLE.—The Waterville Times assures its readers that the following is an authentic record of Flora Temple's early life:—"Flora Temple, the 'Queen of the Turf,' was born in the town of Sangerfield. She was foaled in 1845, and, when quite young, sold to Nathan Tracy, of Hamilton, Madison county, for the sum of $13, who kept her less than three years. Flora then became the property of Wm. Congden, of Smyrna, Chenango county, who subsequently sold her to Messrs. Richardson & Kellog, of Eaton, Madison county. This firm kept a livery, and Flora became quite popular with the patrons of their stable. Mr. Richardson finally took the mare to Washington Hollow, Duchess county, and swopped her off for a purse containing $175. Flora's dam was Madame Temple, a 'horse of all work,' first owned by Elisha Peck of this village. Flora was her first colt."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 108—Adults 53, and children 55.

☞ After a tongue has once got the knack of lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impossible it is almost to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass that we see some men, who are otherwise very honest, so subject to this vice.—*Montaigne.*

☞ The Rev. Henry Green, A. M., in a book on Knutsford, England, says that Louis Napoleon visited that town before he was elected President in 1848. He would occasionally, after dinner, place all the chairs with their backs against the table, and then adroitly walk round on the rail of the chairs.

PROGRESS OF BANK-NOTE FORGERY.

We have, without exception, the best bank-note engraving in the world, and we have also more counterfeit bank-notes than any other country with a paper currency. The ingenuity of our engravers is taxed and tasked to produce bank-notes which the counterfeiter cannot imitate, and yet forgeries are exceedingly flush. For example, as we learn from Peterson's Counterfeit Detector of yesterday, as many as fifty-eight new counterfeits have been put into circulation within the last fortnight. This would appear almost incredible, but it is true. There is not a single imitation of a bank in this State or this city in this tremendous list. This is complimentary to the bank-note engravers of this city, as it indicates that their work is so well executed that it does not pay to attempt to imitate it.

The Bank of England notes, which are now very rarely imitated, are distinguished, in their execution, by the utmost simplicity of design and work. Had the Bank Directors belonged to the Society of Friends, by whom vain adornment is repudiated, they could scarcely have agreed upon a more simple and plain bank-note. Yet, with all this simplicity and plainness, a forgery of it is seldom made, and, when made, is readily detected. The protection lies in its simplicity. Instead of being covered over with many and beautiful decorations and drawings, including gems of landscape by Darley, or portraits of individuals, or reminiscences of the Grecian mythology, the note of the Bank of England is little more than a promise to pay, duly dated and numbered, with signature of cashier, or one of his assistants, on right side, and the signature of an entering clerk on the left. The chief peculiarity is a different ink employed on the mechanical numbering of each note, and a mathematical exactness and harmony on the whole engraving. There are a few secret marks—five in all—consisting of dots placed with apparent carelessness on various parts of the note, which bank clerks and other initiated persons can immediately ascertain. [We shall be happy to point them out to the possessor of a Bank of England note, who will present us with the same in payment for the lesson.] Above all, the paper, with its peculiar water-mark, is difficult to be made. To imitate it would be as felonious as to forge the handwritings on the note itself. This paper is made by a process known only to a few confidential persons in the bank, and even were the mystery laid open, would require such a costly plan of intricate machinery, that persons possessed of the pecuniary means to establish it for this purpose, would be so far above the usual inducements to crime that they would scarcely be induced to run the risk. This paper possesses such remarkable toughness that if a Bank of England note be twisted, with a weight of two hundred and twenty-four pounds suspended to it, the twist will sustain it without yielding or breaking.

It appears utterly improbable that counterfeiting cannot be prevented here, as it is in London and Paris. Suppose that some bank should try the experiment of issuing notes, the very perfection of cunning art employed to produce the most beautiful simplicity of design and execution.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Extraordinary Marriage—A Divorced Wife and Widow Wedding her Divorced Husband.—Nine years since, Mr. T. F. Walton, residing in Hamilton, Butler county, having been infected with the gold fever, was carried off to California, leaving his wife at home. He remained there month after month, his spouse expecting in vain to hear from him, until two entire years had elapsed. Supposing him dead, or herself deserted, she sued for and obtained a divorce, probably on the ground of protracted absence and lack of support.

A few months after the divorce was granted, Mrs. W. was married again, and, after living with her second husband two years, he died, leaving her an actual, as she was before, a legal widow. She continued in a state of single-blessedness for several years, and had determined to wed no other lord, so unfortunate—or fortunate was it?—had she proved with two already.

A fortnight since Mr. T. F. Walton, the couldn't-be-heard-from, gratified a mythical Macawber, and "turned up" most unexpectedly in this city. He immediately proceeded to Hamilton, and found his former consort, made explanations—what they were we know not, but sufficient that they proved satisfactory to her, and obtained her consent again to be a candidate for her hand. He began his courtship anew, wooed, and won her in three days, and yesterday Mr. and Mrs. W., the original, came to the city and were married at the Walnut Street House.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Collier's Folio.—The Duke of Devonshire has withdrawn this famous volume from the British Museum. Doubtless, after the war of words to which it has given rise, he is afraid to trust it out of his sight. In the meantime, however, it is announced that he intends to submit it to the inspection of a committee, composed of the most eminent scientific men, paleographists, chemists, antiquaries, and men of general literature, who are to decide the genuineness of the corrections. On this committee no man is to sit who has ever had anything to do with publishing any edition of Shakspeare, or has rendered himself noted by any writing in connection with Shakspearian subjects, or who has ever had any connection with the British Museum, or anybody or anything belonging to it. The MS. department of the Museum will be put to a severe trial.—Upon it depends their future reputation; for, if the question shall be decided against them, they will be set down as a congregation of presumptuous asses, whom it is unsafe to trust with anything likely to involve the character of others, or as men of judgment and sense.—The trial will be scarcely less severe on Mr. Collier. We can but wish him safely through it.

Amalgamation.—The following statement of the Detroit Free Press, is a little hard to believe:

"The extent to which amalgamation is carried in this city, is really beyond the knowledge of nine-tenths of the inhabitants. There are hundreds of families the parents of which are of opposite colors, and although the marriage of whites and blacks is illegal and void, yet they live together and bear children. It is a remarkable fact that, out of all this number, no instance exists where a white man lives with a black woman. They are all white women, and generally the blackest kind of men. Whether philosophers would argue a superior degree of depravity in the amiable sex from this state of facts or not, we are unable to say—should think they would be unable to avoid it. The same condition of affairs prevails on the other side of the river, to the intense disgust, we are happy to add, of all good and loyal Canadians."

South Carolina Forests Dying.—The Laurensville (South Carolina) Herald furnishes the following curious item:

We have noticed a considerable amount of dead and dying timber on the roads in the lower portion of the district, and heard accounts of its extension to a considerable extent in that direction. The dying is not confined to any particular kind or class of trees, but small bushes as well as large trees show their dead, yellow and withered leaves, which give the woods rather a sad calico appearance. Whether or not this is to be attributable to the late severe drought, we do not know, but it is ascribed generally to this cause.

Leigh Hunt, the popular author, died in London on the 28th ult., in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He had been in a declining state of health for a considerable time.

White People Sold as Slaves.—The Abbeville (Ala.) Banner gives a curious piece of villainy. It appears that Patience Hicks, a young woman about 17 years of age, who was held as a slave by John Guilford, a citizen of Henry county, under a bill of sale made to him by one James C. Wilson, was brought before Judge Williams, under a writ of habeas corpus, sued out by Mrs. Cassa A. Hicks, the mother of said girl, who arrived in the town of Aberdeen on Tuesday, the 9th inst. On the trial of the case it was proved that Wilson went to the house of Mrs. Hicks, in Columbus, Ga., about the 1st of last March, where he remained sick for several weeks.

On his recovery, he desired to marry the young lady, and finding that her mother was opposed to their marriage, he stole her away and brought her to the house of the Rev. John Guilford, to whom he sold her for a slave. On his return to Columbus, he procured her brother, a boy of about 15 years old, and sold him to a gentleman in Georgia. The girl was worked on the plantation and is considerably sun burnt, which makes her appear rather dark. The girl Patience had an infant daughter. The case was tried before Judge Williams, of the Probate Court, and the mother and child were released from the services of Guilford. The Banner states, however, that the counsel for Guilford have taken the case to the Supreme Court, not with the expectation of again enslaving the girl, but with the expectation of clearing Guilford of the cost, imposed upon him by the Judge of Probate. Where is the villain Wilson, we should like to know?—*Selma Sentinel.*

A New Motive Power.—A Paris letter says:—"The announcement made in the *Ateliers* of Paris, of the discovery of a new motive power, which, upon experiment, has been found to be entirely successful, has created a great sensation. The discovery has been made by a young workman, named Jacob, a turner in copper, and was the result of an accident. While seeking to increase the power of his turning-lathe, a new means of power was suddenly revealed to him, whereby he has been able alone without assistance, to construct a machine which increases two hundred-fold the labor of one man, and may be increased to an unlimited extent. The inventor, who has hitherto worked *au atlas*, at Escarbotls, has been, of course, sent for to Paris, and has already nearly completed a machine applicable to every species of industry. If success should attend the experiment—for which, it is understood, one of the great industrial capitalists furnishes the money—the discovery will put an end to all steam power, and every other expensive action; and the result is waited for with the greatest anxiety in the manufacturing world. Already have the proprietors of the spinning works at Schaffhausen been induced to come to Paris in order to hear the first news of the success or failure of the trial."

Oliver Smith's Will.—*Marriage Portions for the Million.*—Many years ago, Oliver Smith, an old bachelor, who resided in one of the towns of Hampshire county, Mass., left the bulk of his property to be managed by trustees until it should amount to $400,000, when one-half of the income was to be annually given to twenty-one boys who should faithfully perform certain conditions of the will; one-fourth to eighteen girls; one-eighth to fifty-four young women for marriage portions, and the remaining eighth to the same number of indigent and deserving widows.

The required sum will be reached in October next, and accordingly about $10,800 will be distributed among the boys—about $516 apiece, making quite a prize for those who are lucky enough to secure it; and if this distribution is to be an annual thing, an army of boys will, in time, be furnished with a handsome sum to start life with. The sum of $5,400 will be distributed among the girls—$300 apiece; $2,700 for marriage portions, making $50 apiece, which will pay for many of the necessary fixings; and the same sum ($50 apiece) to the widows. The trustees of the fund are annually elected, like all other town officers, and the principal of the fund is mainly loaned upon real estate in the various towns of the county.

Illness of Mrs. Browning.—Private letters from Tuscany speak of the alarming illness of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the greatest living poetess of England. With that affinity for the land of song which belongs to the poetic temperament, her sympathies became deeply enlisted in the recent struggle for independence. How intelligent as well as sincere is her enthusiasm, may be realized by a perusal of "Casa Guidi Windows"—the poem wherein both the spirit and events of the revolution of 1848 are so eloquently recorded. The sudden peace and treaty which dashed to earth the full-fledged hopes of Italy, aggravated Mrs. Browning's indisposition, and for weeks her situation was most critical. A sojourn at Sienna, where the mountain air is pure and bracing, has, however, produced a favorable change, and she is now pronounced out of danger. Meantime, at Florence, the free movement is nobly manifest; a representative assembly convenes daily in the old Palazzo Vecchelo—not so occupied since the days of the Italian republic. The closed portals and abandoned sentry boxes of the Pitti Palace yet proclaim the flight of Leopold; and the Monitore contains articles which, for wise patriotism and free utterance, vie with the best journals of England and America.—*Boston Journal.*

A Girl Worth 200,000 Piastres.—A letter from Trebizond, in the Levant Herald, says:—"A party of Circassian dealers arrived here lately, having among their stock a young *houri*, some fourteen years of age. In proof of her unusual beauty, I may at once mention that the price set upon her was and is 200,000 piastres. Some days after the landing of the owners of this Caucassian gem, a relation of hers arrived and claimed her from her possessors, who, it seems, had stolen her from her home. He claimed her restoration to himself, but, I need hardly say, in vain; the owners of so valuable a piece of merchandize were not the men to give it up through any sentimental weakness. The dispute was at last referred to the Pacha's arbitration, much against the will of the young beauty herself, who protested against her return to her native hills, and stoutly held out for going on to Stamboul—that paradise of a Circassian girl's imagination. Before the Pacha, however, could deliver his judgment on the matter, his dispute was settled by the relation foregoing his claims for a consideration; and accordingly the young lady and her friends embarked for Constantinople a couple of days ago."

The New Fenice Wheelbarrow.—The new wheelbarrow, which is worked by the men employed to repair the damage occasioned by the *fetes*, in the gardens of the Tuileries, is attracting much attention. The novelty of the machine consists in the two legs of the barrow being replaced by two wheels, smaller than the one in front, and which are fixed immediately under the body of the barrow. The handles are raised so as to be on a level with the hands of the workman; and thus, upon a level road, a slight push is all that is necessary for the transport of the heaviest load. The three wheels being almost close together, the act of turning the barrow in the smallest space becomes as easy as possible. The workman has but to lean upon one of the handles, and the front wheel is lifted from the ground, leaving the barrow free to be manœuvred like a common handcart.

Asa B., Lizzie C., and Fred., of the Hutchinson Family, have begun a concert tour, and will sing during September and October through Western Massachusetts, Northern New York, Vermont and New Hampshire.

A Christian Husband.—Dr. Taney recently eloped with the wife of a Baptist deacon, in Knox county, Ohio. She left three children, one an infant. He left five. The day before they eloped, the Doctor took his wife and her infant on a visit to his brother's, told her not to come back until the next evening, and that he would take good care of the other children in her absence. When she came home he had been gone over fourteen hours, and the little ones were all in tears. The bereaved husband followed the Doctor and his wife to Huron county, where he found the woman prostrated with illness. Without a word of upbraiding, he stayed and nursed her back to life, then he talked with the Doctor and her, and reasoned with them, and promised to forgive all, and hide the facts from the world. To his grief, however, he learned that his wife loved the Doctor. He therefore expressed his forgiveness to the recreant woman, and certified in writing that he gave her up on condition that she would marry the object of her choice as soon as possible, and he would never molest them. He gave her $160, wished the blessing of God to rest upon her, and then he returned to his desolate hearth.

Costa Rican Revolution.—A revolution has occurred in Costa Rica, Central America—President Mora was arrested, and banished, without a struggle.

Dr. Jose Maria Montealegre is appointed Provisional President until an election is held. President Mora and suite came passengers in the Northern Light, and are now at the New York Hotel.

The revolution is said to be promoted by English influence and money, and the names of Messrs. Aguiar and Allpress, and Edward Jay, (brother-in-law of the Provisional President, Dr. Montealegre,) are mentioned as interested therein. SirWm. G. Ouseley offered the protection of his flag to the President.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts and stocks of Flour continue light; prices of fresh ground Flour show little or no alteration, and about 6000 bbls have found buyers for shipment at $5 for standard superfine, and other good straight brands at that figure; 100 bbls Brandywine at $5,37½; 500 bbls City Mills extra at $5,80; 800 bbls Western do at $5,25, and 1000 bbls old stock extra and Extra Family, late inspected, at $5@5,50 ℔ bbl. The trade have been buying in lots, as wanted, at from $5 up to $6,50 for superfine, extras and fancy lots, and from $4 to $5,50 ℔ bbl for old stock, as to brand and freshness; Rye Flour is in better demand and scarce, and prices have advanced, with sales of 500 bbls to note at $3,75@3,87½, and some small lots of better brands at $4 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal continues dull, and Penna Meal sells slowly at $3,50 ℔ bbl, at which rate it is freely offered.

GRAIN—There was a fair demand for Wheat early in the week. The week's sales reach about 36,000 bus, in lots, at 115@121c for fair to good and prime Reds, and 118@132c for common to prime White; buyers only offer 115c for Reds. Rye is better, and all offered, about 6000 bus, have been disposed of at 72@75c for new Southern, and 77@80c for Penna, the latter for old. Corn has been in active demand, at a further slight advance, and about 35,000 bus Yellow sold at 80@81c. Some inferior lots also sold at 75@79c, as in quality.—Oats are steady, with further sales of 25,000 bus at 35@36c for new Southern, and 37c for old Penna, chiefly of the former description, at our highest figures. Barley is selling slowly at 70@75c.

PROVISIONS—There is not much demand for barrelled Meats, and Mess Pork is selling in lots, as wanted, at $15½@16, the former for uninspected Western, and Mess Beef at $14@15½ ℔ bbl, the latter for city packed. Bacon is firm, with sales of Hams, in lots, at 11½@12½c, the latter for fancy cured; 10½c for Sides, and 8½c for Shoulders. Green Meats are scarce, and generally held above the views of buyers. We quote Hams at 9½c, Sides 9½c, and Shoulders in salt at 7½@8c, with sales of 250 casks at these rates. Lard is firmer, bbls selling at 11½@11½c, and kegs at 12½@12½c. Butter continues dull at 11c for prime solid packed, and 14c for Roll. Cheese is unchanged. Eggs are selling at 13½@14c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The market for this staple is unsettled, and prices are about ½c lower than last week, but buyers have come forward slowly, and only about 1100 bales have been taken, mostly in small lots, at from 10½ to 14c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK—Quercitron is rather lower, and about 150 hhds 1st No 1 have been taken in lots as wanted at $29@28 ℔ ton, closing with a steady demand at the latter figures. Tanners' Bark is selling in lots at $11 for Chestnut, and $13 ℔ cord for Spanish Oak.

COAL—The trade is rather more active, but the scarcity of vessels limits operations, and prices are unchanged.

COFFEE—The stock has been increased by the arrival of 2500 bags Rio. Sales comprise about 1500 bags, chiefly Rio, in lots, within the range of 11½@12c, as in quality, mostly at 11½c, on the usual credit.

COPPER—There is no change in the price of Sheathing, and but little selling. Yellow metal is steady at 20c ℔ lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS are scarce, with but little doing in the way of sales, and we quote good Western at 48c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Further sales of Green Apples are making at $1½@2½ ℔ bbl, and Peaches at from $1 to to 2½ ℔ bus, as in quality. Melons are plenty, and dull.

HEMP—There is little or nothing doing, most of the stock being in the hands of the manufacturers, and prices are nominally unchanged.

HIDES—The market continues dull, but without any alteration to note in price or demand, and there have been no arrivals this week of any moment.

HOPS—Some new crop have arrived, and small sales of Eastern are making at 16c; old are dull and quoted at 8@12c ℔ lb, as in quality.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is rather quiet, but holders generally are firm in their views, and the sales foot up about 1200 tons, in lots, at $23@23½ for No 1, $22@22½ for No 2, and $20@21 for No 3, on time. Scotch Pig is quiet, and generally held above the views of buyers. A sale of 100 tons Wheel Iron was made at $32, on time. Blooms continue dull. In manufactured Iron there is a moderate business doing.

LEAD is steady, and a sale of 2500 pigs Galena, to come direct by railroad, was made at $5,80 the 100 lbs, equal to cash.

LEATHER—Good stock continues scarce, but the demand is less active, and prices without any material change. Other kinds are dull.

LUMBER—There is not much doing, and White Pine culling Boards range at $14@18, with sales for shipment at the former rate. Yellow Sap Boards are worth $14@15 ℔ M. Of Laths, a cargo sale was made on terms kept private.

MOLASSES is very quiet, and we have a small business only to note, at about previous quoted rates.

SEEDS—There has been very little movement in Cloverseed this week, and prices range at $5,25@5,50 ℔ bus. Of Timothy, further sales have been made at $2,37½@2,75, mostly at $2,50@2,62½ ℔ bus. Domestic Flaxseed is rather lower, and the crushers are buying at $1,60 ℔ bus, weight; a sale of 6000 bags Calcutta seed was made, to arrive, at $1,60 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandies are firmly held, but there is very little doing in the way of sales. Gins are quiet. N E Rum sells as wanted at 36@38c. Whiskey is not so firm at the close, and bbls have been sold to some extent at 27c for Pennsylvania: 27@28c for Ohio and Prison, and 25½c for Drudge; hhds continue scarce and command 28½c.

SUGARS—The market has been more active, and holders are firmer at the close, with sales of about 1400 hhds to note, part taken for refining, at from 5½c to 7½c for Cuba, 6@6½c for Porto Rico, and 6¾@7¾c for New Orleans. About 600 boxes also sold, part private and part at 6@7¼c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW—There is rather more doing, and city rendered is selling at 10½@11c.

TOBACCO remains quiet, but without any change to note in either Leaf or Manufactured.

WOOL meets with a fair inquiry from Manufacturers, but the firmness of holders limits operations, and there has been very little doing this week, sales being mostly confined to small lots of fleece, mostly low and medium grades, within the range of quotations. The latter is rather scarce.

The North Adams tragedy of May last, which caused the death of Miss Mattie Butler under the most painful circumstances, has had another victim. On Saturday last, Charles Butler, father of the unfortunate young lady, died of grief. Since the fatal day he had been gradually pining away, until death came to his aid.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2400 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—84 head I Abrahams, Fayette co, 8½@9½; 75 B Baldwin, Chester co, 8@9½; 11 A Reidebaugh, do, 8½@9½; 140 Mooney & Smith, Ohio, 7½@9; 42 B Gray, 8@8½; 57 Brayden & Lightcap, 7½@9; 31 J Waters 5@5½; 16 W McFadden, 7@8; 17 R Welsh, 8@9; 17 T Mastern, 8@9; 50 W Fuller, 8½@9; 26 B Underwood, 8@9½; 16 J Coats, 8½@9½; 116 Carr & Baker, 7½@9½; 49 Shelby, 7@8. Sheep—6763 head arrived during the week, and sold at 7 to 8c ℔ lb. Cows and Calves—60 head arrived and sold at from $29 to 50, according to quality.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—12 head Baldwin & Co, Chester co, 7½@8½; 122 Cochran & McCall, do, 8@9½; 88 Scott & Kimble, do, 8@9½; 42 J McFillin, do, 8@9; 22 W Forrest, do, 7½@8½; 25 W Alexander, do, 8½@9½; 87 Heck & Zumlin, Jersey, 7@8½; 27 W Welton, Md, 4½ gross; 21 J Menah, Del co, 8½@9½; 51 B Seldomridge, Ills, 7½@8½.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 2950 head were at market, selling at from $7 to 8.50 ℔ 100 weight, according to quality.

HIGH LIVING.

This is very apt to produce a disordered stomach, resulting in Dyspepsia. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will entirely relieve any nausea or bad feeling, and prevent more serious consequences. If you *have* the Dyspepsia, a few bottles will entirely restore the digestive organs to their original vigor. For sale by druggists and storekeepers everywhere at 75 cents per bottle.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. T. Bunker, Mr. Edward Lewis, to Miss Josephine Webb, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Daniel Gilbert, to Miss Martha Pilkinton, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. Thomas McCann, to Miss Sophia Crawford, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. James R. Davis, to Miss Hannah E. Souders, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. Catheart, Mr. William H. Brough, to Miss Eliza Caffrey, both of this city.

On the 10th of July, by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, Mr. Louis F. Caron, to Miss Sallie F. daughter of the late Capt. Geo. E. May, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Jas. Pratt, Mr. James Judge, to Miss Margaret A. McMullan, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Walter Proctor, Mr. George Murphey, to Miss Elizabeth Spires, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. Hannah Craig, aged 69 years.

On the 11th instant, Mr. George Fox, aged 64 years.

On the 12th instant, Mary, wife of M. Hoover, aged 36 years.

On the 13th instant, Peter Stinaman, aged 34 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. Mary Siffle, aged 59 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. Mary Wilson, aged 51 years.

In Germantown, on the 10th instant, Miss Amanda B. Righter.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. Sarah, wife of James Willcox, aged 71 years.

On the 9th instant, Jacob Buckwalter, aged 65 years.

On the 7th instant, Mr. Jonathan Richardson, aged 75 years.

On the 2d instant, Horatio N. Moore, aged 45 years.

On the 2d instant, Margaret, wife of Wm. Richmond, aged 32 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	103	—
" " '68	103	—
" 5" coupon '74s	102¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99	99½
" " new	103½	103
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	79	—
" " coupon	—	55
All'gy City 6 pr ct	65	73
" County	—	—
R R issue	41½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	89½	93
Kentucky 6 pr ct	91½	92
Missouri "	—	104½
Ohio " 1886	89½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 872-8	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	136	137
Philadelphia	148	149
Far & Mec	57½	59
Commercial	49	—
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	273	276
Southwark	99	—
P Township	95	96
Kensington	54	55
Girard	—	42
Western	—	99
Man & Mec	27½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	42½	—
Consolidation	94	—
Commonwealth	—	25½
Corn Exchange	29½	—
Germantown	—	58
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	56	—
Exchange "	56	—
Kentucky, Ky	119	—
Northern "	—	—
Louisville "	115	118
Farmers "	130	—
Canton, Nash, Tenn	106	108
Planters "	113½	—
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	22½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N American Ins'co	14½	—
N Libertias Gas	—	32
Southwark and Frankford R R	69	69
Bonds	—	98

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	100	—
2nd "	93½	—
stock		
Interest off	40	40½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	220	222
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	81½	82
mort 6's '44	89	91
" '66	69½	70
stock	22½	22½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	88½	—
stock	38	39
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	92½	—
Ches Val R R, '75	25½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	85
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	51	53
2nd "	—	15
stock	1	2
Catawissa	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	56	—
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	25	28
6 pr ct loan	61½	62
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	82	824
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	—	50
Har & Lan R R stock	58	59
bonds '85	98	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	15	16
Long Island R R stock	100	101
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	7½	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	72½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	64	—
Michigan Southern	7½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62	70	71
imp. 6 pr ct	75	80
stock	8	9
preferred	16½	16½
Lehigh Nav stock	51	—
mort 6 pr ct	99	—
scrip	22½	23
Morris Consol'd	50	52
preferred	104½	—
Ches & Del	60	—
bonds	77½	—
Union "	—	36
bonds	29	31
Sus & Tidewater	3½	4
bonds, 1872	30	34

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BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Sept. 24, 1859.

Pennsylvania.		**Georgia.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
New Jersey.		**South Carolina.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
Delaware.		**Alabama.**	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
Maryland.		**Mississippi.**	
Baltimore	¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	**Louisiana.**	
New York.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Sol bks	par to ½ dis	**Ohio.**	
Maine.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Kentucky.**	
New Hampshire.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Indiana.**	
Vermont.		State bank	¼ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Illinois.**	
Connecticut.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Missouri.**	
Massachusetts.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**Tennessee.**	
Rhode Island.		Old bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Michigan.**	
Virginia.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	**Wisconsin.**	
Dist. of Columbia.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Texas.**	
North Carolina.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	½ to 1 dis	**Canada.**	
		Solv bks	1 dis

MILE MEASURERS FOR CARRIAGES. ODOMETERS.
We have for sale Mile Measurers, to attach to ordinary Carriages, so that the distance from one place to another can be easily and accurately measured. The price is $6. They can be fitted to the Carriage without expense, and can be removed in a minute so as to be in use only when wanted.
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Agricultural.

OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES.

AND

THE MONEY WE MADE BY IT.

CHAPTER XI.

OUR BREAD.

Any lady who thinks of trying a country residence, should see that it possesses a small brick oven, for "home-made" bread ought always to be considered indispensable in the country. We did not discover that our new home was without one till after we entered it. We were laughed at by our landlord when we mentioned our want of this convenience.

"Why!" cried he, "there is a baker's shop not five minutes' walk from the house."

"Never mind," said I, "how near the baker's shop may be; we mean to have all our bread made at home. It will be, we are sure, better to do so, both on the score of health and economy."

"But I really," said the gentleman, "cannot afford to build you an oven; it would cost me £20 at the least."

At this H., who had resided for a short time in a house where the bread was made at home, laughed, and said,

"Really, Mr. L., you need not fear that we wish to put you to so much expense, and it is perhaps but fair that we should meet you half way in the matter; so if you will find labor we will find materials; or reverse it, if you please."

Mr. L. then remembered that he had in some outhouse a quantity of "fire bricks," and it was arranged that we should pay for the labor of constructing a three-peck oven. This occasioned on our part an outlay of £2, and this small sum was the source of considerable saving to us yearly.

We were more fortunate with our bread than with our butter-making, for Mary was a capital baker; our bread was always made from the best flour. We all liked it much better than baker's bread, and it was much more nourishing. Indeed, when I was once in Kent during "hopping," and saw that the women who resided in the neighborhood always gave up half-a-day's work weekly for the purpose of going home to bake, I used to wonder why they did not purchase their bread from a baker in the village. I was told by one of them to whom I put the question, "Lord, ma'am, we could not work on baker's bread, we should be half starved; it's got no *heart* in it."

To a small family, perhaps, the saving might not be considered an object, but any one who has for a few months been accustomed to eat home-made bread, would be sorry to have recourse to the baker's; the loaves purchased are usually spongy the first day, and dry and harsh the second. It is not only that other ingredients than flour, yeast, and water are mixed in the dough, but it is seldom sufficiently baked; bread well made at home and baked in a brick oven for a proper time, is as good at the end of the week as it is the second day.

I have heard several persons say, "I should like home-made bread if it were baked every day, but I don't like eating stale bread four or five days out of the seven." If they stayed with us a day or two, they became convinced that bread which had been made three or four days did not deserve the epithet of "stale."

I will now proceed to show the reader how much flour was consumed in our household, consisting of thirteen persons.

We used to bake weekly twenty-eight pounds of flour, of the best quality; this produced *forty-two* pounds of bread. I will give in the most explicit manner I can directions for making it, which I should imagine any servant will be able to comprehend:

Place in a large pan twenty-eight pounds of flour; make a hole with the hand in the centre of it like a large basin, into which strain a pint of yeast from the brewer's; this must be tasted, and if too bitter a little flour sprinkled in it, and then strained directly; then pour in two quarts of water, of the temperature of 100°, that is, what is called blood-heat, and stir the flour round from the bottom of the hole you have formed with the hand, till that part of the flour is quite thick and well mixed, though all the rest must remain unwetted; then sprinkle a little flour over the moist part, and cover with a cloth; this is called "sponge," and must be left half-an-hour to rise.

During this time the fire must be lighted in the oven with fagots, and the heat well maintained till the bread is ready to enter it. At the end of the half hour add four quarts of water, of the same heat as the previous two quarts, and well knead the whole mass into a smooth dough. This is hard work, and requires strength to do it properly.

It must be again covered and left for one hour. In cold weather both sponge and dough must be placed on the kitchen-hearth, or it will not rise well.

Before the last water is put in, two tablespoonsful of salt must be sprinkled over the flour.

Sometimes the flour will absorb another pint of water.

When the dough has risen, it must be made up into loaves as quickly as possible; if much handled then, the bread will be heavy.

It will require an hour and a half to bake it, if made into four-pound loaves.

While the dough is rising the oven must be emptied of the fire, the ashes swept from it, and then well wiped with a damp mop kept for the purpose. To ascertain if it is sufficiently heated, throw a little flour into it, and if it brown *directly*, it will do.

I think I have stated every particular necessary to enable a novice to make a "batch" of good bread. I will sum up the articles requisite to produce forty-two pounds of the best quality:

Flour, 28 pounds.
Water at 100°, 12 or 13 pints.
Two tablespoonsful of salt.
Yeast, 1 pint.
Bake one hour and a half.

The quantity made was ten and a half quarterns, or four-pound loaves, and, as I have said, supplied our family of thirteen persons for the week. For the same number, when we were residing in town, the baker used to leave *thirteen* quarterns weekly.

One day, in the country, when, from the accidental absence of the bread-maker, we had to be supplied from the baker, we were surprised to hear that at the nursery-breakfast the children (six) and nurse consumed more than a two-pound loaf, and then were complaining of being "so hungry" two hours after. I thought of the words of the Kentish hopper, "that there was no heart in baker's bread."

The servant who has the management of the oven should be instructed to take care that the wood-ashes are not thrown into the dust-hole with the ashes from the grates. They are always valuable in the country; and, as I have mentioned, the wooden articles used in the dairy should always be scrubbed with them. Should the water which is used in the house be hard, and any washing done at home, they should be placed in a coarse cloth over a tub, and water poured over them several times to make lye, which softens the water, and saves soap much more than soda, and is likewise better for the linen.

The brick oven will often prove a source of great convenience, independent of bread-making. It is just the size to bake hams or roasting-pigs, and will, when dinner-parties are given, frequently prove much more useful to the cook than an extra fire.

The fagots are sold by the hundred, and the price is usually 25s. for that quantity.

CHAPTER XII.

OUR KITCHEN-GARDEN.

As I wish to make this little work a complete manual to the "Farm of Four Acres," I must insert a few remarks on the management of the kitchen-garden. Ours consisted of an acre, and, large as our family was, we did not require more than half of it to supply us with vegetables, independent of potatoes.

We strongly advise any one who may have more garden than they may want for vegetables, to plant the surplus with potatoes. Even if the "disease" does affect part of the crop, the gain will still be great, providing you keep animals to consume them; for they must, indeed, be bad if the pigs will not thrive on them when boiled. Poultry, likewise, will eat them in preference to any other food.

We had something more than half an acre planted one year, when the disease was very prevalent; the crop suffered from it to a considerable extent, but the yield was so large, that we stored sufficient to supply the family from September till the end of April, and had enough of those but slightly affected to fatten four pigs, beside having a large bowlful boiled daily for the poultry. The worst parts were always cut out before they were boiled, and neither pigs nor poultry were allowed to touch them raw.

It is much the best plan to consume all the potatoes you may grow, rather than save any of them for seed. It will be but a slight additional expense to have fresh kinds sent from quite a different locality, and they will thrive better, and not be so liable to the disease.

They should always be dug before the slightest appearance of frost, and placed on straw in a dry place, where they can be conveniently looked over once a fortnight, when any that show symptoms of decay should be removed, and boiled at once for the pigs. By this method very few will be wholly wasted; instead of eating potatoes you will eat pork, that is, if you have plenty of skim-milk. I do not at all know how pigs would like them without they were mixed with that fluid.

We have tried, with great success, planting them in rows alternately with other vegetables. When they are all together, the haulms in wet seasons grow so rankly that they become matted together; and then, as the air is excluded from the roots, it renders them liable to disease. We have tried cutting the haulm off to within a few inches of the ground; but this, the gardener said, proved detrimental to the roots. We afterwards tried a row of potatoes, then cabbage, then carrots, and then again came the potatoes. We once planted them between the currant and gooseberry-bushes, but it was as bad, or worse, than when a quantity of them were by themselves; for when the trees made their midsummer shoots the leaves quite shut out air and light from the potatoes, and when dug they proved worse than any other portion of the crop.

We always found, that the deeper the sets were placed in the ground the sounder were the roots. We tried every experiment with them; and as our gardener was both skillful and industrious, we were usually much more fortunate with our produce than our neighbors.

Carrots rank to the "small farmer" next in value to the potatoes; not only pigs and cows are fond of them, but likewise horses. The pony always improved in condition when he was allowed to have a few daily.

Our arable acre was a model farm on a very small scale. We grew in it maize for the poultry, tares for the pigeons, lucerne for the cows, and talked of oats for the pony. This our gardener objected to, so the surplus bit of ground was sown with parsnips, which turned out very profitable, as both pigs and cows liked them.

We have told the reader that we reared the calf of the Strawberry cow, and it cost us hardly anything to do so, for it was fed in the winter with the roots we had to spare. The first winter it had to consume the greater part of the ton of mangled-wurzel we had brought "to keep our cows together." Some we had boiled with potatoes for the pigs, and they liked it very well.

An acre of land may appear a laughably small piece of ground to produce such a variety of articles, but if well attended to, the yield will astonish those who are ignorant of gardening. The one important thing to be attended to, is to see that all seed crops are well thinned out as soon as they are an inch above the surface. In very few kitchen-gardens is this attended to, and for want of this care a dozen carrots, parsnips, or turnips, are allowed to stand where one would be sufficient. The one would prove a fine root; the dozen are not worth the trouble of pulling, as they can get neither air nor room to grow. To be well done, they should be thinned by hand, and that being a tedious "job," gardeners seldom can be induced to perform the work properly.

As our ground became productive, we added another cow, and more pigs and poultry, but I shall not now say with what success. This little book is only intended for the novice in farming, and details only the results of the first six months of our "Farm of Four Acres."

Perhaps I should have called it *five* acres, as nearly the whole of the acre of kitchen-garden was devoted to the cultivation of food for our "stock."

We had a very broad sunny border at the back of the flower-garden, which grew nearly all the spring and summer vegetables we required: such as seakale, early potatoes, peas, cauliflowers, and salads.

We have not yet said anything of the money we saved by our kitchen-garden, but we must add to the profits of our six months' farming the average amount we should have paid to a green-grocer for fruit and vegetables.

One shilling a day to supply thirteen persons with these necessary articles is certainly not more than must have been expended. Still, £18 per annum is a considerable item of household expenditure, and scanty would have been the supply it would have furnished; as it was, we had a profusion of fruit of all kinds, from the humble gooseberry and currant to the finest peaches, nectarines, and hot-house grapes, as well as an abundant supply of walnuts and filberts.

Had we bought all the produce of our garden, the value would have more than paid our gardener's wages.

Nor must I omit the luxury of having beautiful flowers from the greenhouse throughout the winter; these superfluous items did not figure in our accounts. We should have purchased nothing but bare necessaries, and therefore entered but 1s a-day for "garden stuff" in our housekeeping book.

Those only who have lived in the country can appreciate the luxury of not only having fruit and vegetables in abundance, but of having them fresh. Early potatoes fresh dug, peas fresh gathered, salad fresh cut, and fruit plucked just before it makes its appearance at table, are things which cannot be purchased by the wealthiest residents in a great city.

Not far from our residence there were large grounds, which were cultivated with fruit and vegetables for the London market. I have frequently seen the wagons packed for Covent Garden. The freshest that can be procured there would be considered "stale" in the neighborhood in which they were grown. Any fruit or vegetables in that far-famed market, must have been gathered twenty-four hours before they could find their way into the kitchen of the consumer; and it is not only the time which has elapsed, but the manner in which they are packed, which so much deteriorates their quality.

Have any of our readers ever seen the densely-loaded wagons which enter that market? the vegetables are wedged as closely together as they can be pressed, which very soon causes, in warm weather, cabbages, greens, &c., to ferment and become unwholesome. I have often seen them so loaded in the middle of the day before they reached London. They are left in the hot sun till the time arrives when the horses are placed in them, and they begin their slow journey towards town. This is seldom till late at night, when the distance does not exceed a dozen miles.

The finer kinds of fruit, such as peaches, grapes, &c., do not injure so much by being kept a few days before they are eaten; indeed, *ripe* peaches and nectarines are seldom gathered for sale; they would spoil too quickly to enable the fruiterer to realize much profit.—They are plucked when quite hard, and then placed in boxes till they gradually *soften*; but the flavor of fruit thus treated is very inferior to that of a peach or nectarine ripened by the sun. Seed fruits, such as strawberries, become very vapid in four or five hours after they have been picked, if they were then quite ripe.

I know that the last few pages have nothing to do with "the money we made" by our farm, but I wish to show the reader all the advantages which a country residence possesses over a town one. Some persons, who cannot live without excitement, think that nothing can compensate for the want of amusement and society.

I was once speaking of the pleasure I experienced from residing in the country, and placed *health* among its many advantages, when I was answered,

"It was better to die in London than live in the country!"

I think I have said enough to cause my lady readers to wish that the time may not be far distant when they may, like ourselves—for we did all sorts of odd jobs in our garden—cut their own asparagus and assist in gathering their own peas.

It is, indeed, impossible to over-estimate the value of a kitchen-garden in a large family, which numbers many children among its members.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MONEY WE MADE.

Some time ago, we showed our first six months' accounts to a friend, who was very skeptical as to the profit we always told him we made by our farming. After he had looked over our figures, he said,

"Well, and after all, what have you made by your butter-making, pig-killing, and fowl-slaughtering?"

"What have we made?" said I, indignantly. "Why, don't you see that, from July to January, we realized a profit of £15 18s. 4d. from our cows, £2 4s. 6d. from our pigs, £1 18s. 6d. from our poultry-yard, and £9 at the least from our kitchen-garden, which, altogether, amounts to no less a sum than £29 1s. 4d.; and all this in our 'salad-days, when we were green in judgment?' What shall we not make now that we have more stock, our ground well cropped, and, better still, have gained so much experience?"

"Well," said our friend, "the more 'stock,' as you call it, you have, the more money you will lose."

At this rejoinder, H. looked at the speaker as if she thought he had "eaten of the insane root which takes the reason prisoner."

"*Lose more money!* when you can yourself see, by looking at this book, that in our first six months we have cleared £29 1s. 4d.! And, indeed, it was absurd of A. to put down so little, for she has allowed five for the land; and if she takes that off the rent, she ought to enter it as profit from the farm. Besides, think of only putting down a shilling a-day for vegetables! Very few puddings would the children get at that rate, supposing we were in London."

"If we were in London," interrupted I, "you know that £18 yearly would be as much as we could afford to expend for that item in our family. I have made out all our farming accounts as fairly as I can. I am as well aware as you can be, that a shilling a-day would not give us the luxuries of the garden as we now have them; and though that plenty may form one of the advantages of residing in the country, we have no right to put down as a saving of money the value of articles we should never have thought of purchasing."

"I must allow," said Mr. N., "that you appear to have been strictly honest in your entries as regards the value of the produce you have received, but you do not appear to have put down your losses. You keep a one-sided ledger. You have the credit, but not the debit entry. You say nothing of the money you have lost by pigeons and rabbit-keeping."

Now the utmost we had lost by our pigeons in the six months was 9s., and he knew perfectly well how profitable they had since been to us. He used jokingly to say that we fed our guests with them in every mode of cookery so frequently, that they would alter the old grace of "for rabbits hot," &c., and substitute the word "pigeon" in its place; so we thought it was ungenerous to reproach the poor birds with the scanty number they gave us the first few weeks they were in our dove-cote.

Silenced on that point, he returned to our unfortunate rabbit speculation, and complained that we had kept no account of the money we had lost by them.

Here H. stopped him by saying:

"Pray, Mr. N., did you not purchase your children a pony, and did it not catch cold and die in a month afterwards? I suppose Mrs. N. did not enter that in her housekeeper's book as meat at so much a pound, and why should we put down the cost of the rabbits in our farming accounts? No; of course it was entered among the 'sundries.'"

"But you must allow," said Mr. N., "that that if you had done as I advised you, and taken a house in a street leading into one of the squares, you would have lived more cheaply than here. Why, your gardener's wages must more than swallow up any profit which you may *think* you make from your farm. You must acknowledge you would have saved that expense."

"Granted," said I; "but we should most likely have paid quite as much to a doctor. We never got through a year in town without a heavy bill to one; and we must have had all the expense and trouble of taking the children out of town during the hot weather, while they have had excellent health ever since they have been here; and with the exception, when

DREADFUL MEETING.

Jones, who is unable to swim, purchases a life preserver, and finding a secluded spot on the sea shore, determines upon having a quiet little paddle all to himself. He has not been in the water many minutes, before he is aware of the presence of Brown, who is an excellent swimmer, and who has threatened to have Jones's blood, in consequence of a misunderstanding between them, about the fair Cordelia Smith.

some kind friend like yourself has asked one of them on a visit, neither of them has left home since we came here. Of one thing I am quite sure, that we are much happier than we should have been in London; and that in every point of view, as regards expenditure, we are gainers. I have not entered any profit arising from baking at home, though the difference is just three four-pound loaves weekly; and Mrs. N. will tell you what must be the saving by our having our own laundry."

"Enough! enough!" said Mr. N., laughingly; "your evidence is overwhelming. You almost force me to believe that I could live in the country, feed my own pork, and drink my own milk, without paying half a crown a pound for the one or a shilling a quart for the other, and this was what I never before believed possible; and I am quite sure, that if I were to put the assertion in a book, no one would believe me."

"Then," exclaimed I, "it shall be asserted in a book, whenever I can find time to transcribe all the particulars from my diary; and I hope that I may be able to convince my readers—should I be fortunate enough to obtain any—not only that they may keep cows, pigs, and poultry without loss, but that they may derive health, recreation, and profit from doing so. None knew better than yourself how worn-out in health and spirits we were when we came to this place; how oppressed with cares and anxieties. Without occupation, we should most likely have become habitual invalids, real or fancied; without some inducement to be out of doors, we should seldom have exerted ourselves to take the exercise necessary to restore us to health and strength. But you will lose your train, if I keep you longer listening to the benefits we have experienced by our residence in this place. Give the fruit and flowers to Mrs. N., with our love; and tell her, that with God's blessing we have improved in 'mind, body, and estate, by occupying ourselves with 'Our Farm of Four Acres.'"

Useful Receipts.

Oatmeal Porridge.—This is the dish that many English children eat for breakfast, instead of tea and bread and butter, and wonderfully hearty does it make them; indeed, adults might profit by it if they would forego prejudice, and give it a fair trial. To make porridge you must have what is called round meal, which consists of crushed (not ground) oats, the saucepan must be placed on the fire with the necessary quantity of boiling water in it, and then, with a wooden spoon in one hand, and a handful of meal in the other, sprinkle in the meal and stir it round till it is as thick as you want it. It should boil for at least ten minutes, and should then stand beside the fire for a short time before it is eaten. If of a good thickness, it may be eaten with cold milk and sugar, and will give health and strength to all who partake of it. Many Scotch families—not stinted as to means—make this their staple food for breakfast, it is economical, agreeable to the palate, and sustaining. A little experience will soon render a person efficient in its preparation. American parents, try it!

Curing Green Beans for Winter Use.—Pick good, tender, sweet string beans, cut them into pieces, about three quarters of an inch in length, throw them into boiling water, let them stand five minutes; then, having the oven heated just hot enough to avoid burning the beans, spread on tin or earthen dishes, set them into the oven, and let remain there until perfectly dry, when they should be put up in small bags and hung in a cool dry place. When you wish to cook a mess of corn and beans, put them to soak over night in warm water, and cook them as usual.

Fire-proof Composition to Resist Fire for Five Hours.—Dissolve, in cold water, as much pearlash as it is capable of holding in solution, and wash or daub with it all the boards, wainscotting, timber, &c. Then diluting the same liquid with a little water, add to it such a portion of fine yellow clay as will make the mixture the same consistence as common paint; stir in a small quantity of paperhanger's flour paste to combine both the other substances. Give three coats of this mixture. When *dry*, apply the following mixture:—Put into a pot equal quantities of finely pulverized iron filings, brickdust, and ashes: pour over them size or glue water; set the whole near a fire, and when warm stir them well together. With this liquid composition, or size, give one coat; and on its getting dry, give it a second coat. It resists fire for five hours, and prevents the wood from ever bursting into flames. It resists the ravages of fire, so as only to be reduced to coals or embers, without spreading the conflagration by additional flames; by which five clear hours are gained in removing valuable effects to a place of safety, as well as rescuing the lives of all the family from danger! Furniture, chairs, tables, &c., particularly staircases, may be so protected. Twenty pounds of finely sifted yellow clay, a pound and a half of flour for making the paste, and one pound of pearlash, are sufficient to prepare a square rood of deal-boards. When the Chinese were told the risk we ran of being roasted alive in our many-storied mansions, they remarked, "What little land the English must possess, that compels them to build such *high* houses!"—*Builder.*

☞ Scene, Aboard the Great Eastern.—*Smith.*—"Ah, Robinson! how are you? Didn't know you were aboard. What's your number?"

Robinson.—"Berth 297,503."

Smith.—"Why, that must be near the forecastle!"

Robinson.—"Yes. Come and see us!"

Smith.—"Well, I'll get up early some morning, and take a velocipede and get down your way in time for supper."

Robinson.—"All right. I say, old fellow, I shall be at New York a day ahead of you!"—*N. Y. Picayune.*

☞ Covetousness, like jealousy, when it has once taken root, never leaves a man but with his life.—*Tom. Brown.*

☞ One should not dispute with a man, who, either through stupidity or shamelessness, denies plain and visible truths.—*Locke.*

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 1, 6, 13, 28, 3, 10, 27, 7, were a fabled race of antiquity.

My 2, 6, 4, 1, 10, 17, 29, 13, was a celebrated Grecian hero.

My 3, 25, 19, 17, 5, 22, was the god of prophecy, music and pestilence.

My 4, 2, 6, 26, was the mother of Juno.

My 5, 10, 1, 11, 20, 24, was a surname of Juno.

My 6, 10, 28, 18, 27, 25, 6, was one of the Muses.

My 7, 3, 28, 10, 27, 23, was the youngest of the Titans.

My 8, 26, 28, 22, 13, 3, was the mother of Diana.

My 9, 27, 15, 2, 6, 10, 13, was a musician who stopped the wheel of Ixion by the music of his lyre.

My 10, 27, 24, 3, 10, 12, was the husband of Terra.

My 11, 13, 26, 12, 10, 7, was the fabled founder of Argos.

My 12, 11, 17, 26, 23, 10, 7, was represented as old, bald, flat-nosed, riding on a broad-backed ass, usually intoxicated, or tottering along, supported by a staff.

My 13, 6, 25, 28, 10, 20, 29, rode a dolphin to win a wife.

My 14, 1, 2, 11, 5, 17, 29, 12, was a Grecian hero whose exploits are related in the Illiad.

My 15, 27, 10, 12, 18, 4, 25, 11, 13, 6, represents seed-corn in Grecian mythology.

My 16, 25, 12, was a surname of Rhea.

My 17, 8, 27, 19, 7, were the gods of the houses and families.

My 18, 22, 5, 10, 12, was the god of the winds.

My 19, 27, 11, 18, 13, was placed among the stars by Diana.

My 20, 11, 16, 21, 29, was changed into stone by excessive grief.

My 21, 29, 17, 8, 18, 27, 22, 25, 2, 10, 20, was the owner of Pegasus, the winged horse.

My 22, 29, 23, 18, 13, 6, was the first wife of Paris, son of Priam.

My 23, 18, 27, 29, 11, 7, directed Hercules how to obtain the apples of Hesperides.

My 24, 13, 26, 1, 29, 12, was a name given to Castor and Pollux.

My 25, 17, 10, 28, 10, 7, was the god of riches.

My 26, 29, 13, 18, 24, 7, was the fabled founder of Lavinium.

My 27, 2, 22, 29, 1, 10, 7, was a giant slain by Bacchus in his conflict with the Titans.

My 28, 2, 6, 26, 11, 7, was the goddess at whose wedding the golden apple of Discord was thrown.

My 29, 26, 23, 10, 12, was a name of Janus.

My whole is a hero of the 10th century.

CHARLES PRESTON.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first in fight is always right,
My second dwells in splendor;
My third in pride will still abide,
My whole is a pretender.

Kilgore, O. A. PEABODY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a useful article.
My second's a habitation.
My third you'll find is a female name,
My fourth's an exclamation.

W. WINDSOR.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of a scaline triangle is 210 perches, the diameter of the circumscribing circle is 85 perches, and the diameter of the inscribed circle is 36 perches. Required the sides of the triangle?

Scrabble Hill, Pa. GEOMETRICUS.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On a side of a mountain stood a lofty pine, perpendicular to the horizon, 124 feet in height, which, being broken by the wind, but not severed, fell directly down the mountain, the top striking the side of the mountain some distance from the root. A horizontal line from the root of the tree to the broken piece, measures 33 feet, and makes an angle of 22 deg. 37 min. 12 sec. with the side of the mountain. Required the length of each piece, and the distance from the root of the tree to where the top struck the side of the mountain?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why may it be said that Dutchmen come into the world ready dressed? Ans.—Because they are born in Holland.

☞ How does a cow become a landed estate? Ans.—By taraing her into a field.

☞ When is Congress like a hen? Ans.—When it's sitting, to be sure.

☞ Why is an old horse put up to sale like an errand boy? Ans.—Because he'll go for what he'll fetch.

☞ Why is a damsel with reddish brown hair like a prisoner in one of the New York State prisons? Ans.—Because she is under Auburn locks.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Blondin crossing the Niagara River with a sack on his head.—MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Euclid and Archimedes. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Saint Louis, Missouri. CHARADE.—Rhode Island.—CHARADE.—Saturday Evening Post. RIDDLE.—The men's first wives being dead, they married each other's daughter. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—Daniel has 35 cents, Carey 15 cents.

Artemas Martin corrects the answer given to his Problem published Aug. 13th, as follows: Sides of triangle, 130, 140, 150 rods. Diameter of inscribed circle, 80 rods. Radius of circle which cuts off B.'s half of meadow, 84.5152 rods. Will cost A. $40 97 more than B. to fence his half.

Artemas Martin sends the following rule in answer to Question published Aug. 13th: Divide the difference between the prices per acre in the same ratio as the land has been divided; the greater of these parts being subtracted from $60, the remainder will be the price per acre David must pay; the less being added to $60, the sum must be the price per acre John must pay.

The Question is also answered by N. V. Swearingen, Navarre, Stark Co., Ohio, and A. Draper, Jr., Orwell, Ohio.

☞ In respect to the unseen and unknown, the imagination is a better guide than reason.—*Beecher.*